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A LONDON DOG SHOW.

BESIDES cattle shows, and poultry shows, and fruit and flower shows, and rabbit shows, and Punch-and-Judy shows, and the annual showing of the Lord Mayor, there exist throughout London, in at least fifty different "slums," and corners, and crooked ways of the great city, establishments devoted to the "showing" of dogs. By name I have all along known of the existence of these places—knew that they had been in vogue since the days when there were public cockpits at Westminster and St George's in-the-Fields, and when hideous bulldogs drew badgers and aristocratic audiences at Hockley-in-the-Hole. With this extent of knowledge of the subject, I should, doubtless, have remained content, had not a philanthropic soul, yearning to establish a dog-hospital in a tool-shed at Canterbury, inclined my sympathies doggishly, and resolved me to find out what a "dog show" meant.

The columns of *Bell's Life* revealed more than a dozen invitations of the sort I was desirous of complying with. East, west, north, and south of the metropolis were the exhibitions to take place; and, in at least nine cases out of ten, Sunday evening was the time appointed. Of the advertisements, the following is a fair sample:—

"A Treat for the Fancy. On Sunday evening next a show will be held at Mike Lee's "Duck." Bethnal-green—chair taken at eight o'clock, by Mr. Abrahams, faced by Billy Cool. Mr. Abrahams will produce his splendid stud of toy terriers on this occasion. Mr. Lee has a terrier, weight three pounds and a half, open to kill with any dog in the world at his weight."

The programme issued by Bill Tupper, the landlord of the "Greyhound," Waterloo-road, and mine host of the "Crown," Fiddler's-alley, Haymarket, and half a dozen others, all more or less resembled the above. My ignorance, however, put anything like choice quite out of the question, and I selected Mr. Lee's establishment simply because it was first on the list.

Passing Shoreditch Church, just as the good folk were flocking out therefrom, I took my way up the High-street till I came to a black, narrow gap, in the face of it, between Church-street and the railway station, and into it I turned; through Club-row, where the Sunday bird, and rabbit, and goat, and guinea-pig fair is held; past the "King of Clubs," where every evening, including the Sabbath, prize-fighting goes on, the fighters being chaffinches, and goldfinches, and canaries, the weapons their well-trained voices, and the prizes a "ten-pun'ote" or a German silver "waterpot," just as the birds' owners or backers may agree. Past these, through a lane or so, through a long alley, too narrow so to be called, and more like an accidental chink—a warp in the foul brick work—and there was "Duck-street" and the "Duck" tavern, and the name of Lee written over the door. Following a man who wore a kennelish countenance and a close-fitting hairy cap, and who hugged something bulky within the breast of his coat in a manner highly suggestive of stolen goods, I crossed Mr. Lee's threshold and stood before his bar.

It was not a handsome bar. The wooden front of it was at least as dirty as the floor, and exhibited symptoms of long familiarity with hobnailed boots and lazy knees, while the grimy, battered metal counter was chequered with a chain pattern of glazy rings. About the walls, in glasses, were preserved specimens of canine monstrosity, from the span-long terrier to the bulldog in all his full-blown hideousness. Men and dogs filled the space before the bar, and behind the bar were Mr. Lee, and Mrs. Lee, and a barmaid.

I was surprised at Mr. Lee's appearance. Knowing that he fought dogs and held stakes for amateur pugilists, and kept a rat-pit, and was frequently in the pit and up to his eyes in rats, I had expected to see a brawny fellow, with big muscles, and a way with him that even a bulldog could not mistake; on the contrary, I found him a small man, with an everlasting smile and an oily voice, the sort of man, in fact, you would expect to find carrying the big banner in a "total abstinence" procession, or cutting bread and butter at a love-feast, rather than ruling among savage vermin and hobnobbing with bulldogs and bulldog-men. I don't know the sort of breed it is, but there *is* a dog one occasionally meets in the street, a brown dog, one part spaniel and seven parts kennel cur; a dog with lean loins, and an inquiring nose, and pursed lips, and a bewildered where's-the-next-meal-to-come-from expression about his eyes; he plods along the road with a business air, as though having at last argued down the proud little bit of spaniel in him, he was bound on a begging errand to a West-end relation. Now and then, however, he pulls up short and dead—"skidded," as it were, by that rebellious one-eighth of respectability, shakes his head miserably, and then forges along once more. Mr. L. reminded me of this dog instantly. He looked exactly as it would have looked—just as beseeching and make-believe pleasant—if you had offered it meat on a skewer and wickedly amused yourself by pricking its nose with the sharp end before you threw it down. As for Mrs. L., she looked contented and happy, and the few small L.s to be seen about the place seemed soundly booted and breeched, and well fed. In ordinary cases this would not have been remarkable, but in this case it was, inasmuch as it was hard to understand how a man with his heart so thoroughly set on dogs should trouble himself much about such trifles as wives and children. That his heart *was* set on dogs was clear. The loving sidelong glances he cast on them when he thought nobody was looking, the kindly purring noise he made while tenderly handling baby dogs, and the way in which he scratched their tiny polls and clucked to them, were ample proof of it. Conspicuous among the stuffed specimens on the walls was a murderous-looking bulldog in a handsome mahogany and glass case. The fate of this brute Mr. L. was explaining to a gentleman who wore the head of a Skye terrier out of his coat pocket, as swells of the lower order occasionally wear their handkerchiefs. Had the defunct dog been an only son, the little man could not have exhibited more emotion. He would not, he said, have taken fifty pounds on the nail for it; indeed, he had had forty-five pounds ten offered for it; but it warnt likely! You might as well have offered forty-five ten for his biggest kid, or—this in the lowest whisper—the missus herself. Well, sir, he was pisoned! He was the best in the world—too good to live—so the vagabuns pisoned him. On a Sunday morning it was hearty and well one minute, among their legs in front of this bar, and the next minute, hallo! on this side of the bar, dead as paving stones! Proosick acid did it! On a bit of meat!

The gentleman with the Skye terrier was so affected that he swallowed all his rum at a gulp, and hurried to a flight of stairs in the corner, and, thinking it probable that the stairs might lead to the show room, I followed.

I had guessed rightly. When the door was pushed open there belched out a cloud, so warm, so dense, so redolent of rank tobacco and spirituous liquors, that only that a man came up close behind me laden with a snarling cur I think I should have retreated. In I went, however, and this is what I saw:—A long, narrow room, shallow from floor to ceiling as a church vault, and (by reason of the foul vapor) as gloomy, although there were several jets of gas burning. At the end of the room the flooring was raised a foot or so, and on this was the chairman's chair; and at the other extremity of the room was the chairman's "facer," proudly nursing a dreadful brute, with its jaws bound up with thongs of leather, and which I was confidently informed "was the handsomest brindled bull for miles round." Round the walls were more stuffed dogs, and pictures of fighting men and running men, and of dogs killing rats, and of dogs and cocks killing each other. At one side of the room, and visible now and then through the many pairs of ragged legs that hemmed it in, was a great roaring fire, which was needful, for the night was very cold, and the draught came in at the gap at the bottom of the door, and in at the crazy windows, and in at a great hole in the ceiling from which the plaster had tumbled down.

Concerning the company. In my rambles round about the great metropolis I have fallen in with some curious company. I have passed an evening in a room with a large number of women and men, and where, had it been known that I was anything but a thief or a scoundrel at enmity with the law, I stood an excellent chance of being thrown out of the window or having my head knocked against the wall; I have supped with tramps and beggars in a Kent-street kitchen; but with a few exceptions, I never before saw congregated so many faces with "hulks" branded on them, so much brazen blackguardism, so much bare brutality, as was exhibited by Mr. L.'s guests.

There were, I should say, at least fifty of them; some with black coats and hats with curly brims, some in caps and flannel jackets, some with smocks and "ankle jacks"—all, or nearly all, bull-necked, heavy-jawed, and with the hair dressed after a fashion known among its patrons as the "Newgate-knocker" stole—that is, parted in masses on each side of the head and turned under unnaturally. Every man possessed at least one dog, and as he sat at the table the animal was squatted by the side of his pot or glass, with his arm round it. These, however, were the "toy" dogs, marvels of shape and size—so small, some of them, that their weight is reckoned by ounces, and with limbs but little thicker than the stem of a tobacco pipe, with beautifully-formed heads, and eyes full of intelligence. One could not help reflecting, after gazing first on the dog then on its keeper, what a pity it was that the former should be tied to such a low-bred companion!

How did these beautiful little creatures come into the hands of their present owners, is a question little less difficult to answer than another. Of what use are they to their masters? One may understand how affection may attach an honest man to an honest dog, or a ruffian to an able-bodied, ruffianly "brindled bull;" but what gratification can a big, coarse-minded man enjoy by the possession of a "toy?"—a thing without bark, or bite, or a single other quality assimilating with any one he himself possesses. One would as soon expect to find him keeping white mice or silkworms. "What is the value of that little dog?" I asked of a young man in a tattered jacket and a very dirty shirt, who was "showing" his terrier—weight two pounds and a quarter—against another. "I don't want to sell her," the young man replied; "twelve pounds is her worth—ten I'm offered for her."

Had there been no other than dogs of the "toy" school in the room the business of the evening would have been, no doubt, carried on in a much more quiet way. As it was, however, there were shrill-voiced ratting dogs, and fighting terriers, and fighting bulldogs, struggling and straining their leashes to get at each other, with their red eyes starting from their heads, and their black lips curled back from their fangs, howling, yelping, barking shrilly and spitefully, or growling with a deeper rage from the bottom of their wide, red throats; while their masters, savage as themselves, roared out horrid blasphemy, and staked their eyes and limbs on the swaggering lies they uttered, and struck their great fists on the table to show they were in earnest in the wagers they offered to lay, and clapped hands together when the wager was made; while others, who had come on purpose to make a match and found a difficulty in "getting on" with any one, sat apart, stirring up their dogs to show their mettle, or clenching their muzzles and holding still their writhing limbs when, for business reasons, it was desirable that their tremendous courage should not be made too public.

Apart from the bustle and uproar sat two or three of the most miserable objects that could be imagined—ragged, thin, and anxious-looking, and each accompanied by a gaunt, hollow-sided bulldog. I didn't ask their condition. It was too apparent. Like the poor fellow to whom some kind Indian acquaintance sent an elephant, which he could not afford to keep, which nobody would buy, and which the authorities would not permit him to kill, so were each of these wretches afflicted with a bulldog, the only difference in the cases being that a fatal desire to belong to the "fancy," and not the whim of a friend, brought the calamity upon them, and that not sanitary considerations but infatuation obliges them to bear about the dreadful burden. So will they drag on a miserable existence, half starved, and cordially hating each other, till the workhouse doors, or others still more inexorable, part the wretched pair and break the spell.

SCENE AT A LONDON DOG SHOW.

THE "OLD FRENCH BARBER;"

AND HOW HE SERVED OUT THE LANDLORD.

WE shall never forget, and always feel proud of the fact, that we knew so great an every-day Plato as Davy Crockett. Had the old Colonel never uttered a better idea than that everlasting good motto—"Be sure you're right, then go ahead!" his wisdom would stand a pretty good wrestle with tide and time, before his standing, as a man of genius, would pass to oblivion—be washed out in Lethe's waters. We remember hearing Col. Crockett relate, during a "speech," a short time before he lost his life at the Alamo, in Texas—a little incident, of his being taken up in New Orleans, one night, by a *gen d'arme*—lugged to the calaboose, and kept there as an out-and-out "hard case," not being able to find anybody, hardly, that knew him, and being totally unable to reconcile the chief of police to the fact that he was the identical Davy Crockett, or any body else, above par! "If you want to find out your 'level'—*ad valorem*, wake up some morning, noon, or night—where nobody knows you!" said the Colonel, "and if you ever feel so essentially chawed up, *raw*, as I did in the calaboose, the Lord pity you!"

There was a "modern instance" of Colonel Crockett's "wise saw," in the case of a certain Philadelphia millionaire, who was in the habit of carting himself out in a very ancient and excessively shabby gig; which, in consequence of its utter ignorance of the stable-boy's brush, sponge or broom, and the hospitalities the old concern nightly offered the hens—was not exactly the kind of equipage calculated to win attention or marked respect for the owner and driver. The old millionaire, one day in early October, took it into his head to ride out and see the country. Taking an early start, the old gentleman, and his old bob-tailed, frost-bitten-looking horse, with that same old shabby gig, about dusk, found themselves under the swinging sign of a Pennsylvania Dutch tavern in the neighborhood of Reading. As nobody bestirred themselves to see to the traveller, he put his very old-fashioned face and wig outside of the vehicle, and called—

"Hello! hos-e-lair? Landlord?"

Leisurely stalking down the steps, the Dutch hostler advanced towards the queer and questionable travelling equipage.

"Vel, vot you vont, ah?"

"Vot sal I vant? I sal vant to put oup my hoss, vis ze ztab'l, viz two pecks of oats and plenty hay, hos-e-lair."

"Yaw," was the laconic grunt of the hostler, as he proceeded to unhitch old bald-face from his rigging.

"Stop one little," said the traveller. "I see 'tis very mosh like to rain, to-night; put up my gig in ze stab'l, too."

"Boosh, tonner and blitzen, der rain not hurt your ole gig!"

"I pay you for vat you sal do for me, mind vat I sal say, sair, if you pleaze."

The hostler, very surlily, led the traveller's weary old brute to the stable; but, prior to carrying out the orders of the traveller, he sought the landlord, to know if it would pay to put up the shabby old concern, and treat the old horse to a real feed of hay and oats, without making some inquiries into the financial condition of the old Frenchman.

The landlord, with a country lawyer and a neighbor farmer, were at the bar, one of those old-fashioned slatted coops, in a corner, peculiar to Pennsylvania, discussing the merits of a law suit, seizure of the property, etc., of a deceased tiller of the soil in the vicinity. Busily chatting, and quaffing their toddy, the entrance of the poor old traveller was scarcely noticed, until he had divested himself of his old, many-caped cloak, and demurely taken a seat in the room. The hostler having reappeared, and talked a little Dutch to the host, that worthy turned to the traveller—

"Good even'ns, thravell'r!"

"Yes, sair;" pleasantly responded the Frenchman, "a little."

"You got a hoss, eh?" continued the landlord.

"Yes, sair, I vish ze hostlair to give mine hoss plenty to eat—plenty hay, plenty oats, plenty watair, sair."

"Yaw," responded the landlord, "den, Jacob, give'm der oats, and der hay and der water;" and, with this brief direction to his subordinate, the landlord turned away from the way-worn traveller to resume his conversation with his more, apparently, influential friends. The old Frenchman very patiently waited until the discussion should cease, and the landlord's ear should be disengaged, that he might be apprized of the fact that travellers had stomachs, and that of the old French gentleman was highly incensed by long delay, and more particularly by the odorous fumes of roast fowls, ham and eggs, etc., issuing from the inner portion of the tavern.

"Landlord, I vil take suppair, if you please," said he.

"Yaw; after dese gentlemans shall eat der suppers, den somesing will be prepared for you."

"Sair!" said the old Frenchman, firing up; "I vil not vait for ze shentilmen; I vant my suppair now, directly—right away; I not vait for nobody, sair!"

"If you no like 'em, den you go off, out mine house," answered the old sour krout, "you old barber!"

"Bar-bair!" gasped the old Frenchman, in suppressed rage. "Sair, I vill go no where, I vill stay here so long, by gar, as—as—as I please, sair!"

"Are you aware, sir," interposed the legal gentleman, "that you are rendering gross and offensive, malicious and libellous, scandalous and burglarious language to this gentleman, in his own domicile, with malice prepense and aforethought, and a——"

"Pooh! pooh! *poo!* for you, sair!" testily replied the Frenchman.

Pooh? To me, sir? *Me, sir?*" bullyingly echoed Blackstone.

Yes, sir—pooh——*pooh!* von geese, sair!"

It were vain to try to depict the rage of wounded pride, the insolence of a travelling barber had stirred up in the very face of the man of law, logic, and legal lore. He swelled up, blowed, and strutted about like a miffed gobbler in a barn-yard. He tried to cork down his rage, but it bursted forth—

"You—you—you infernal old frog-eating, soap-and-lather, you—you—you smoke-dried, one-eyed," poor old wretch, you, if it wasn't for pity's sake, I'd have you taken up and put in the county jail for vagrancy, I would, you poverty-stricken old rascal!"

"Jacob!" bawled the landlord, to his sub., 'bring out der old hoss again, before he die mit de crows, in mine stable; now, you ole fool, you shall go vay pout your bisbenish mit nosin to eat, mit yer hoss too!" said the landlord, with an evident rush of blood and beer to his head.

"Oh, veri well," patiently answered the Frenchman, "veri well, sair, I sal go—but," shaking his finger very significantly at the landlord and lawyer, "I com' back to-morrow morning, I buy dis prop-er-tee; you, sir, sal make de deed in my name—I kick you out sair, (to the landlord,) and you, (to the lawyer,) I sal like de goose. Bosh!"

With this, the poor old Frenchman started for his gig, amid the "Haw! haw! haw! and ha! ha! he! he!" of the landlord and lawyer. "That for you," said the Frenchman, as he gave the surly Dutchman-hostler a real half dollar, took the dirty "ribbons" and drove off. Now, the farmer, one of the three spectators present, had quietly watched the proceedings, and being gifted with enough insight into human nature to see something more than "an old French barber" in the person and manner of the traveller; and, moreover, being interested in the Tavern property, followed the Frenchman; overtaking him, he at once offered him the hospitalities of his domicile, not far

distant, where the traveller passed a most comfortable night, and where his host found out that he was entertaining no less a pecuniary miracle of his time—than Stephen Girard.

Early next morning, old Stephy, in his old and shady gig, accompanied by his entertainer, rode over to the two owners of the Tavern property, and with them sought the lawyer, the deeds were made out, the old Frenchman drew on his own bank for the $13,000, he gave the farmer a ten year's' lease upon the place, paid the lawyer for his trouble, and, as that worthy accompanied the millionaire to the door, and was very obsequiously bowing him out, old Stephy turned around on the steps, and looking sharp with one eye upon the lawyer, says he—

"Sair! Pooh! pooh!—*Booh!*" off he rode for the Tavern, where he and the landlord had a haze, the landlord was notified to leave, short metre; and being fully revenged for the insult paid his millions, old Stephen Girard, the great Philadelphia financier, rode back to where he was better used for his money, and evidently better satisfied than ever, that money is mighty when brought to bear upon an object!

* Girard, it will be remembered, had but one eye. With that, however, he saw as much as many do with a full pair of eyes.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. L. S., Jersey Shore, Pa.—From your description, we should judge that your fowls are afflicted with the roup. The disease may be mitigated somewhat by giving them warm, dry lodging, and nutritious food, and the frequent removal of the dried discharge from around the eyes and nose, by warm bathing; also outward applications of mercurial ointment, and sulphur given internally. It were better, however, to kill a roupy fowl at once, unless it is very valuable, as it is likely to contaminate other fowls.

A PATRON, N. Y.—The prevailing custom in playing three handed rounce, is for the third party in such a case, to play his hand out so that such an occurrence is obviated; but if the other mode is adopted, namely, that as soon as one is out, he lays down his hand, the next player is not compelled to lead a trump, because he could not have won the previous trick. The rule "trump after trick," is not to be enforced, evidently, until a trick has been won by the party whose turn it is to play.

X. Y. X., Philadelphia.—The actual standing army of Great Britain, is estimated as being about 110,000 men. This, of course, does not include the East India and other contingents. As these latter are so suscep tible of inflation or depression according to emergency, it is difficult to state with anything like precision, what their number at any given time may be. We should not be far wide of the mark, perhaps, in setting the aggregate figures at 500,000.

CONSTANT READER, Woodstock, C. W.—1. C having objected, B had a right to take up his money, preparatory to having the question settled as to the proper sum to be staked. 2. No objections can be made, provided the player does not go the "blind" out of turn. 3. We have no reliable record of short distances.

BOHEMIA, Cincinnati.—The "tone" of your very moral hymn is most too loud for our happy family of readers. Why not try E ccher, and his *Independent?*

BALLY AND PATCH, Boston.—We are informed by the best of authority, that the Monumental Engine Company, of Baltimore, Md., visited New York about 8 or 10 years since.

P. AND S, Albany, N. Y.—B having bet that he would *beat* A's throw of 14, and only having *tied* it, he (B) loses. A *tie* or equal throw, cannot by any means be construed into a *beat*.

SIMON NIXON.—Will look it over, and if not objectionable will give it a place.

SPORT.—They will appear during the publication of the series—the precise time we are unable to state, however.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—1. The third man has no say—the two can agree to run or bunch them. 2. We have not those Nos

MASTER BOBBY.—We have been unable to see the parties. Our opinion is, that they are of Irish extraction.

SENECA, St. Louis.—We received a letter from Mr. D. this week; his "adver" appears in this issue.

G. B, Bridgeport, Ct.—The Great Republic was burnt on December 27, 1853

F. M., Harrisburgh.—Subscription expires with No. 42 current volume.

L. R. W., Columbus, O.—Richard H Sliter, jig dancer, died at Jackson, Mich., May 21, 1860.

T. J. D., St. Louis.—Delivered the letter the day it was received.

O. E. L., Providence.—We believe he does—drop him a line.

LUDIO.—Trump after trick is the rule.

NOW AND THEN.—About the time that our "vulgarly democratic" government caused the ship Resolute to be restored to the British government after having been found in the Arctic seas, the closing scene of the next Christmas piece at the Haymarket Theatre, London, pictured the presentation of the ship by Lieut. Hartstein to Queen Victoria. The British and American flags were waved together, the orchestra played the "Star Spangled Banner," and the curtain fell with "God Save the Queen," so that everybody went home resolutely happy. Let us hope that no "variations" will be played or performed this year, for wise men may be really "resolute" in making any heroic sacrifice for mutual peace.

PUGILISTIC.—The devotees of the P. R. appear to be looking up in this vicinity. Two or three skirmishes have taken place recently, of one of which, we give the particulars this week. A battle of some importance in the light weight division is also on the *tapis*, between Johnny Lazarus and Billy Donnelly. Articles therefor are to be signed to-morrow (Tuesday) evening, the weight of the combatants having been fixed at 115 lbs., and $300 a side the "spons" to be fought for. We sincerely hope that a satisfactory termination of the affair may be arrived at, and that humbug will have a back seat.

JUBILATE! JUBILATE!—Snow has descended, and is still falling at this writing, and the prospects are that the lads and lassies of Gotham will be enabled to have a sleighing jubilee during these holiday times after all; in fact, the merry jingle of the bells is even now sounding cheerily in our ears, and 2:40 nags and buffalo robes are in demand, and should snow descend in sufficient quantities, "out on the road" will soon be a popular *rendezvous*. Small boys have already taken possession of the side walks, and are making experiments on abdomenal propulsion, much to the annoyance of kid glove gentry and nervous old maids.

SKATING.—This sport was indulged in with infinite pleasure by several thousands of "mud-sills," on the Central Park ponds on Sunday; and the other localities where skaters most do congregate in the environs, were pretty well populated. The snow of to-day, (Monday,) however, has caused "a cessation of hostilities" for a few hours; but a renewal is threatened as soon as the besoms have done their duty. What with sleighing and skating, merry times out of doors are in prospect, and to all appearances, the goose may be said to be considerably elevated.

A BILLIARD MATINEE.—From unforeseen circumstances, Mr. Geary was unable to get his establishment fully prepared for opening on Thursday evening last, so a postponement was the consequence, until the evening of Thursday, 8th inst., when Messrs. Phelan, Kavanagh, White and others will be on hand to exemplify the curious art. Don't forget, therefore, No. 22 Courtlandt street, on Thursday evening.

BIG DOG.—A few years ago, it may be remembered that a mammoth American dog, of the blood hound species, was exhibited in this city. It was subsequently taken to England by his owner, and exhibited to Her Majesty at Windsor. Since that time he has been kept rather quiet, but we perceive that the animal is now offered for sale in London. Doubtless, some showman will get hold of him and make a pile by showing him at the great exhibition in 1862.

CURLING IN CANADA.—Several curling matches are on the tapis around and about Toronto, C. W. On the 28th ult., the Toronto Club were to contend for the Mitchell Medal, after which, a meeting was to be held on the ice for the purpose of selecting "skips" for matches to take place in January with the Ontario Club, of Hamilton, and the Seneca and Ancaster Union Club, for the Royal Caledonia Curling Club Medal.

CURLING.—Where are your "canny stanes" ye Curlers of Gotham? Out with 'em, prepare youre "rinks," and elect your "skips" for a keen contest. Capt. Manson is among the released prisoners from Richmond, so let us have a Curling Match, just by way of a rejoicing at his return.

A SKATING TOURNAMENT is about to be arranged, to take place on the Central Park Pond. Messrs. Falkland and Black, proprietors of the hotel at the Eighth avenue entrance to the Park, who have recently secured a license to refresh the people with temperance beverages during the skating carnival, intend offering a silver mounted pair of skates of sufficient value to be contended for by any one. The individual who shall exhibit the two excellencies combined, elegance and speed, is to take the prize, we believe. However, as the arrangements are not as yet fully made, we shall be enabled to be more positive in reference to details in our next issue. In the meantime, let our fancy and fast skaters take preliminary practice.

THE BLACK EYED REPORTER.—One of the daily papers, in referring to the "little mill," last week, says that a reporter for a sporting paper got a pair of black eyes. As the CLIPPER is the only recognised sporting paper of America, the thrust would seem to come home to us. Not so, however; not one of our reporters have their optics so discolored. It may be though, that a runner for a one horse arrangement, purporting to be a sporting paper (Heaven save the mark!) got his optics bunged up for indulging in too much "chin music." How's that, Umpire?

GREAT LEAP.—Mr. William Harrison, in the Yorkshire Wolds, England, while hunting with Lord Middleton's hounds, at Settrington, on the 12th ult., jumped, on his famous chesnut gelding, Garibaldi, the immense distance of thirty-one feet, over high posts and rails. This feat has only been exceeded twice on record, viz: Chandler's celebrated leap of thirty-nine feet, at Warwick, and Lottery's thirty-three feet jump, at Liverpool.

CAROMBOLAEROSTATION.—Some enterprising individual advertises on the wall literature of the day, some sort of an entertainment as above entitled. We presume he means playing at billiards, but who the Carombolaerostateur is, we know not. Herrmann and Hanlon will be after him with a sharp stick, if he does not keep shady.

CHIPPEWA CRICKET CLUB.—This Philadelphia club will give it's first grand ball on New Year's Eve, Dec. 31, '61, at Broadway Hall, Broad and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia. May they see the old year out and the new one in, with pleasure and profit.

THE SKATING CARNIVAL.

THE LOCATION OF THE VARIOUS SKATING PONDS, ETC.

Now that the Central Park skating ponds are frozen over, the great ice carnival may be said to have commenced. The mildness of the first day of the year led many to suppose that there would be very little skating for a week to come, but the succeeding cold weather bridged all the ponds as firmly as the most timid could desire, and now fine skating is to be had everywhere. The accommodations for skaters at the Central Park are much better than they were last season. Many improvements have been made which will materially add to the attractions of the park during the reign of the Ice King. A pavillion is in course of erection at the northern end of the upper pond, which is intended to furnish seats for those desirous of watching the evolutions of the crowd on the pond. This pavillion will be heated, and made especially comfortable for the ladies. Other structures of like character are also to be erected at other points. The one above mentioned will accommodate about 120 persons. The following are the directions to be observed by those visiting the Park ponds:—

DIRECTIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

Do not go on the ice except by the paths provided for the purpose.

Use the foot scrapers on the gang plank, before stepping on the ice.

Do not drop any tobacco, cigar stumps, paper, nut-shells, or other articles on the ice.

Avoid crowds. Even thick ice is liable to crack, and if a number of persons crowd on one side of a cake of ice, it suddenly tips, and endangers the lives of all upon it.

Do not go in the vicinity of laborers engagd in cleaning the ice.

The Park keepers are provided with abundant means of rescue in case of accidents.

Cautions or directions from a park keeper should be immediately complied with.

Any want of civil attention or the charging more than the allowed rates on the part of the licensed keepers of any of the refreshment houses, should be reported to a park keeper.

A ball will be hoisted to the top of the pole, near the bell tower, whenever the ice is in fair condition for skating.

THE NATIONAL FLAG will be kept hoisted over the Round House in the middle of the main pond, whenever the ice may be walked upon with safety, and when persons can skate without seriously injuring the ice.

No one can remain upon the ice with safety, or with proper regard to the general interest in maintaining the ice in good order for skating, when the National Flag is not flying over the Round House.

A RED FLAG over the Round House indicates that the ice is very dangerous, or that it is being flooded for the purpose of forming a new surface. In the latter case, it will be kept flying until new ice is finally formed. The Red Flag will not be displayed unless there is an absolute necessity that the pond should be cleared.

The above instructions are formed with a design to place no restrictions, except such as are necessary for the preservation of the ice in the best condition for the general enjoyment, and it is hoped that they may be so willingly observed by all, that a resort to other measures to secure their observance will never be required.

The necessary arrangements for the provision of refreshments, and the appliances of skating to those unprovided, are ample. A refreshment saloon and skate booth adjoin each other on the lower pond, and similar places are at the upper pond. The prices for refreshments, hire of skates, and checks for deposit of cloaks, coats, &c., have been placed at a uniform rate. For instance, a glass of ale or lager, five cents; a cup of coffee, a piece of pie, or a sandwich is the same. The hire of skates is ten cents an hour; a deposit, to the amount the skates are valued at, being required. The Central Park Ponds are reached by means of the Third, Sixth, and Eighth avenue cars. Below we give the location and character of some of the other ponds, on and around Manhattan Island.

BEEKMAN POND.

The vacant lots near Sixtieth street, once known as the Beekman Pond, afford facilities for a limited amount of good skating. Here, however, the boys most do congregate, and they are not the least mischievous of the fraternity of city youths.

HARLEM MEADOWS.

On the line of the railroad, and beyond the tunnel, good skating is to be had on the meadows pond, located at this point. Near by some vacant lots have been flooded by an enterprising club for their own use. On this latter, none but members are allowed.

HOBOKEN PONDS.

Good skating is to be had on the meadows back of the New York Cricket Ground at Hoboken. The stream that runs through the meadows affords skating for nearly a mile in length.

LAKE LINCOLN.

This is the name of the ice field of the Passaic Ice Company, which has been recently turned into a skating pond. It contains about seven acres, is surrounded by a high fence, and there are ample facilities for flooding the pond when required. An admission fee of ten cents is charged to those not holding season tickets. The pond is about five minutes' walk from the Jersey City and Bergen Railroad. The cars from the Hoboken ferries also go close by.

THE STATEN ISLAND PONDS.

There are several ponds within easy walking distance of the ferry depots on Staten Island, the best of which is that known as Britton's Pond, located about two miles from the Quarantine landing. It is eight acres in extent. Beach's Pond, still larger, lays about half a mile distant from Britton's. "Clear Lake" and "Van Wagener's Pond" are also very desirable skating localities, being well sheltered by surrounding woods. These are located about a mile or so from the Quarantine landing.

BROOKLYN PONDS.

Brooklyn abounds in localities for the full enjoyment of skating. Besides having two admirable clubs, whose facilities for skating surpass even those of the Central Park, there are some twenty or thirty ponds within five or ten minutes' walk of the various city railroad lines, most of them being directly adjoining their routes. Of these, the Washington Club Pond, on 5th Avenue, South Brooklyn, and the pond of the Union Association, on Rutledge street and Marcy Avenue, East Brooklyn, are the best. Indeed, the arrangements that are made for the comfort and convenience of the members are admirable. The Union Pond itself covers a space of ground of about eight acres in extent; and besides the large space for the skaters, a roadway has been set apart for the sleigh-chairs, the same encircling the pond within the high fence that encloses it, this ice-road being about twenty-five feet in width, and eighteen hundred feet in length, although, in fact, it has no end. A rail fence is the boundary of it, and this acts as a convenient resting place for the skaters, when at all fatigued. There is also a long building, which contains the office of the Association; ladies and gentlemen's dressing-rooms comfortably heated; a place of deposit for coats, cloaks, &c., and also the office of Mr. Chichester, who has charge of the sleigh-chairs and skates that are kept for hire, the former at the charge of 15 cents an hour, and the latter at the low rate of ten cents an hour. The following are the rules of the pond, which will be strictly enforced after the day of the formal opening, due notice of which will be given:—

UNION SKATING ASSOCIATION—RULES AND REGULATIONS.

Rule 1. Members, on entering, will hand their tickets to the gate-keeper and receive checks in exchange. On leaving, they will return the checks and receive their tickets.

2. No person admitted through the gate unless the ball is up.

3. No person allowed on the pond with canes or sticks, and the throwing of segar stumps, or anything else, which will injure the condition of the ice, is strictly prohibited.

4. Games of all kinds are strictly prohibited.

5. Skating chairs will not be allowed on the inside of the pond under any circumstances.

6. All persons, on entering the gate, will please clean their feet. Accommodations are provided for that purpose.

7. Persons finding dangerous places on the ice will please give immediate notice at the office.

The above rules will be strictly enforced.

THE WASHINGTON POND

is an enclosure of seven or eight acres in extent, and is situated between Fourth and Fifth Avenues, on a piece of meadow land laying in front of the old Dutch Stone House, known as Washington's Headquarters in Revolutionary times. Admittance can only be obtained through the medium of membership of the club, or through the courtesy of its members. Major O. F. Ostman is the President. Access can be had to it from the Fulton and South ferries, via Fifth Avenue Railroad. The following is the Constitution of the Washington Skating Club of Brooklyn:—

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

Rule 1. The club rooms will be at the old house, corner Third street and Fifth avenue, known as "Washington's Headquarters."

2. Ladies and children will be admitted by ticket, endorsed by a member. Season tickets can be obtained at the Club house.

3. All parties, accompanied by a member of the club, will be admitted to the pond, and it is to be hoped that this privilege will not be abused.

4. Every member will be required to wear his badge in a conspicuous place.

5. Games of every description prohibited.

6. All persons visiting the pond are particularly requested not to throw anything upon the ice.

7. The President has power to call a meeting of the Executive Committee at any time.

8. Seven members of the Executive Committee shall constitute a quorum.

9. No liquors shall be sold on the pond within 200 feet of the ladies' saloon.

10. Any member loaning his badge forfeits his membership.

11. The number of ladies' tickets shall be limited to five for each member paying three dollars, and a lady's ticket will admit the holder and her lady friends and children.

There is a large pond adjoining the Washington known as the public pond, but it is under the control of the People's Association. Liquors are sold on it, and it is a pretty free-and-easy affair all round. The water in some places is over fifteen feet in depth, and unless well frozen over it is not safe.

SKATING IN PHILADELPHIA.—On Saturday, 4th inst., there was excellent skating on the Schuylkill, from a point opposite the Skater's Club House to the Girard Avenue Bridge. The ice was in the main very strong, and with a glassy surface. The points at which danger was to be apprehended were made prominent to the skaters by small flags, which had been placed there by the Philadelphia Skating Club, while near the centre of the river a small boat, made of cedar wood, was placed, so as to be used in case of necessity. The boat was supplied with life preservers, hooks, ropes, &c. The members of the Club took different positions on the ice, and particularly at points where there was any probability of an accident occurring. Notwithstanding the caution of the Skaters' Club, in pointing out dangerous places, three or four persons got a cold bath, by breaking through ice which had but recently formed. One young man, son of a Mr. Heritage, was so nearly exhausted when taken out, that he was removed to the surgeon's department of the club house. Active measures for his relief were used by Drs. Boser, Rand, and others, and late in the evening, he was removed, much improved. The other parties who were unfortunate enough to get in the water, were soon got out by the members of the club, without sustaining any material injury. The throng of skaters on the Schuylkill was much greater on Sunday than on Saturday, and the weather being fine, all seemed to enjoy the delightful sport amazingly. The spectators on the banks, on each side of the river, were very numerous. Among the novelties on the river were several sleds drawn by dogs. The members of the Skaters' Club were stationed at various points to render assistance whenever necessary.

A VOICE FROM ENGLAND.

AMERICA'S FRIENDS AND ENEMIES!

BIRMINGHAM, Dec. 9, 1861.

DEAR FRANK.—In answer to numerous letters received inquiring as to the feeling of the working classes in England towards the Federal Government and its defenders, I would state that the great majority are decided sympathisers with the North, but further than that they are powerless. A mechanic here has no voice in the laws of the land—no voice on any subject—and therefore there is no such thing as public opinion *de facto*. The Press, generally speaking, know less of American social life and custom, than of any other subject in existence, and the *masses* cannot be supposed to know much more. All their ideas of Northern people are based on extravagant stage representations, and from reading "Sam Slick," a piece of trash written by an Englishman who never saw the country, but manufactured the characters from a diseased imagination. They take it for granted that every American must be a long, lantern-jawed, raw specimen, squirting tobacco juice over everything in his way; he must wear cowhide boots, short striped pants with straps, a vest up to the armpits, a swallow-tail coat, big crowned white beaver, monstrous shirt collar, and with a bowie knife and revolver protruding out of each pocket; he must also have a nasal twang and a singing accent, and always be on the alert for a swap, bargain, or anything which requires assurance—this being their first impression no amount of contradiction has yet rubbed out that idea! They consider we are semi-savages, unfit to go at large, and have about the same opinion of us as we have of cannibals. None of their authors have ever counteracted these sentiments to any advantage, and notwithstanding American merchants and travellers are undistinguishable from their own people, they still cling to the Sam Slick notion. They laugh and sneer at our language, but I am ready to assert *there is no place in the world where the English language is spoken so purely, by all classes, as in America.* Look at Scotland, Ireland, Wales—can their people understand one another? Then compare Lancashire and Yorkshire together—or any provincial town except London and Liverpool—and they cannot make each other out at all. With the meagre exception of those educated in colleges and high schools, there are none that speak intelligible English throughout Great Britain!

The seizure of Mason and Slidell has brought out all the venom and jealousy of anti-American journalists, who lash and foam like lunatics to create a feeling of hostility where it does not already exist. In Liverpool the cotton-brokers got up a meeting and wanted war declared in ten minutes notice, [driving right, justice and humanity to the wall,] because their sordid games were in danger. *Mark well these cotton-kings*, when they visit you in future. Those fitting out Southern men-of-war, manufacturing guns and amunition, also vented their spleen in bombastic fury, but when it came to the Queen's order that no more arms of any kind could leave England for any part of America, these same parties acted like the boy did on a certain occasion—they had nothing to say. If *they* showed any sign of rebellion against the royal order, a guard would very soon be set over them, and had a few of the Southern leaders been strung up, the present trouble would have ended until the next "pretender" displayed the black flag. Many people here pretend to believe that by England and France taking up the Southern cause, the war would soon be ended by the North being forced into concession, throwing aside the injustice of such a course—I for one, however, CANNOT SEE IT. Instead of reviving trade [as the people are given to understand] it would cause complete stagnation of various trades that are doing pretty well spite of the times. Talk always was cheap, and if there is any spirit left among the people, they will call meetings to prevent a rupture between England and the Northern States. It is well and proper that international laws should be respected, or if unjust, revised; but the case would have to be submitted to all nations doing business on the sea before England has any right to settle the point. There is no reason why rabid editors of either side should aggravate affairs worse than they are, and by taking the proper course, much ill feeling may be averted.

The Trent affair has not been without its virtues, for whereas before the public men of England were loth to show their hands, now we are enabled to tell who is for and who is against us. The Union's enemies I will not mention, as they are known and *marked men* already, but prominent among the friends of freedom are John Bright and Richard Cobden, whose sympathy on any question is a guaranty of its moral weight and sense of right. Should adversity ever overtake New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or any of the large northern cities, I pray you remember John Bright and Richard Cobden with kindness and respect. There are others equally eloquent in defending the right, but these men are most prominent in the field. To George Francis Train I am unable to do anything like justice for his herculean efforts for the Union; but a few more of his talent, patriotism, and energy, could'nt help but give the people here a proper opinion of the conflict if they would come and give free lectures as Mr. Train has done. All I regret is lack of means or eloquence, but if anything will satisfy the people, *I would give my right hand to see the war settled.* I cannot close by anything more appropriate than the Macedonian cry: "Come over and help us!" Yours truly, EDWIN JAMES.

CHRISTMAS IN CAMP.

CAMP FARNUM, Sandy Point, Md., Dec. 26, '61.

FRIEND QUEEN—I take this opportunity of informing you how the soldiers in the 1st Regiment, Excelsior Brigade—that are now encamped as above—enjoyed themselves at Christmas. On Christmas Eve we had an exhibition from the Friend Dramatic Association, when the following plays were performed, in a large tent erected for the occasion, having as an audience the officers of the regiment, viz.—"The Old Guard," and "The Irish Tutor," and between the pieces two comic songs by Mr. Walsh. Mr. Harry Forbes (formerly of Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati) sustained the character of the Old Guard, and the part of Dr. O Toole was very well rendered by Mr M. D Daly (from the Pittsburgh Theatre). The performance was very good, considering the disadvantage the actors labored under, and they were often applauded by the spectators.

On Christmas Day the officers had a game of base ball. Sides were chosen by Captain Mitchell and Lieutenant Dennison, but when three hands were played, the game was given up, on account of the state of the ground. Captain Mitchell's side was successful, owing mainly to the good batting of Major Holt, who handled the bat and ball with great precision, proving himself not only a fine soldier, but an accomplished ball player. At the conclusion of the game the score stood as follows:—Captain Mitchell's side, 32 runs; Lieutenant Dennison's side, 12 runs. The players were loudly cheered by the lookers on, and I am happy to say no one was hurt, although some kissed mother earth, and for their pains got well seasoned with Maryland mud. If the Excelsior Base Ball Club, of Brooklyn, wishes to play a game this winter, I doubt not but there are nine men in this brigade who, under the tuition of Major Holt, could give the Champion Club a pretty good game, should they visit us.

Two pigs, well greased, were then started, and caused a great commotion in the regiment until they were caught. After which, a man was selected from each company to wheel a barrow, blindfolded, about sixty yards, for a prize of $2, which received the hearty applause of the officers and men.

To conclude the entertainments, the Lieutenant Colonel, the Major, and the Doctor tried their hands at wheeling for a wager, which resulted in Lieutenant Colonel Farnum being elected for the champagne.

On New Year's Day we hope to have another exhibition from the Association, on which occasion the following pieces will be presented, viz.—"Temptation, or the Irish Emigrant," and "Box and Cox," an account of which will be duly forwarded by a SOLDIER.

THE RING.

A MILL
IN THE JERSEY DISTRICT.
THE FIGHT THAT DID NOT,
AND THE FIGHT THAT DID COME OFF.

As many of our really well-informed readers are aware, arrangements have been going on during some days past, for an orthodox meeting in the ring between Young Elliott and Hen Winkle. A steamtug was engaged to start from Jersey City some time in the course of New Year's Night, but some of the New York police, following the famous example of Inspector Folk, of Brooklyn, in search of immortal renown, contrived to stop all the "contrabands," and declare the steamtug as fitted up for contraband purposes. Where they got their authority from is a question that the American public will some day inquire into, some of those days spoken of as "the good time coming." Next came various comical adventures, including a repetition of the old pantomimic joke, in which Joey Grimaldi used to evade his "Charley Watchman" pursuers by getting in at one door of an old and heavy glass coach, and then "putting himself through" the sash part of the opposite door. In such an example of "history repeating itself," a carriage passing up Beekman street, about 2 A. M., was overhauled by some policeman in search of immortality or what ever else they may find. The capture was easily made, and Winkle's toilet of battle was the prize; but the "within individuals" had heard of "vaulting ambition" and Joey Grimaldi's practical commentary on the words of Shakespeare. A "slide" for Weehawken was soon arranged, but the ambitious policemen near Forty-second street made another rally for heroic laurels, and the number of pilgrims became considerably diminished. However, sport is sport the world over, and about two hundred of the "indomitables" set foot upon the "sacred soil" of New Jersey. At 8 A. M. Elliott was on hand, looking nine ways for Hen Winkle, but the latter was in the hands of the law, like many another brave fellow, warming his fingers as best he might. Any man, especially with poor blood, would have found the morning of the 2d instant "rather cool."

However, Fortune favors the brave. Two young chips among the pugilistic pilgrims offered to amuse the party with a good old-fashioned "warming up" in the ring. Both being duly posted on the rules, and well knowing the ropes, no proposition could have come more appropos. A purse was soon made up. The lads—Keenan and Hanley—the former about ten pounds the most in weight—peeled as ripe as old veterans, for either fun or a fight. "Vot's the hodds, so long as you're 'appy?" Without further dallying, the ring was formed at Daileytown, and the fight was a "big thing on ice." Both lads were in as fine trim as if "Old Izzy" had put them through the bullrushes for forty days, etc. John Woods and Fiory McCarthy seconded Keenan, while Billy Clarke and Kit Burns seconded Hanley. The first four rounds showed some admirable science, and the spectators enjoyed an agreeable surprise. In the 5th, Keenan was doing very well, but wanted to "go better." Being a little too eager, he unfortunately struck Hanley while down, but the referee decided it was accidental. From the 6th to the 9th, give and take went along in fine style. In the 10th another foul was claimed against Keenan, but Hanley himself declared it quite excusable. In the 16th Keenan won the first knock down. The 26th was a splendid display of science. In the 36th, Keenan gave Hanley a clean knock down once more. In the 45th Hanley returned the compliment. From this to the 61st, both men pegged away in the most orthodox style, but Hanley, as the lightest man, was rather apt to finish a round by going down. In the 62d, Hanley let out his right in Tom Sayers' "auctioneer" style, and knocked Keenan off his pins. Ditto in the 63d. In the 64th, Hanley began with admirable execution from his left, Keenan rushed in, a clinch and a throw, both fell, and Keenan planted an ugly blow on Hanley's chest while lying side by side. No mistake about this, and the referee gave the fight to Hanley. The mill began at a quarter before nine o'clock, and the sixty-four rounds took place in precisely one hour. Barring the despotic arrests of the police, all hands had a pleasant time.

JOHNNY LAZARUS AND BILLY DONNELLY MATCHED.—These two lads of pugilistic fame are at length matched, to fight in eight weeks from the date of signing articles, which ceremony is to be duly performed at the house of Izzy Lazarus in Centre, near Grand street, on the evening of Tuesday, January 7. They fight for $300 a side, at 115 lbs. weight. The lads ought, and no doubt will give a first class exhibition of the manly art on the occasion of their "meet," as both of them know well how to use their bunch of fives with manliness and grace. It is devoutly to be wished that the preliminaries shall be conducted orderly and on the square, and that each party will strive to arrive fairly at the issue sought—which is the best man.

A BOXING NIGHT.—A sparring exhibition for the benefit of Johnny Lazarus took place at 22 White street on the 21 inst., and the attendance was quite respectable, considering it followed so close upon the heels of New Year's day, when everybody was supposed to have played themselves out for the week; but the boys are always ready for sport, and never seem to be too tired to follow it up. Among the audience present we noticed several old sports who have not appeared at these exhibitions of late, such as Harry Gribbin, Australian Kelly, Billy Clarke, Sen., Wilson, Scotty of Brooklyn, etc. The sparring was not of the best order, taken altogether, though all appeared to be satisfied with what they saw. Uncle William was on hand as M. C., and ushered in the boys about as follows:—O'Conner and Dorsey—lively on the part of Dorsey, who made all the advances, while O'Conner got out of the way and defended himself with his whole strength and ability. Hanley and Bill Buss—a friendly set-to, in which Bill's scientific displays of stopping and hitting caused his friends to smile broadly, while Hanley went it blind, as usual. The M. C. here announced that Bill Boss, never having had a benefit since he had been in this country, would take one on Thursday evening, 9th inst. Young Kerrigan and Cusick—very friendly, and the honors divided. Hollywood and Billy Doyle—quite a good set-to, with Holly ahead, while time and study will make Billy a hardy youth with the mitts. Milage Cornell and Young Touhey, an improvement on the previous sets to; Milage, lively as "a lively flea," and whose good nature is only equalled by his good stopping and quick hitting; and Tuohey was with him in everything, even to punching Old Tovee, while that venerable individual was calmly "blowing a cloud" in his corner of the stage. This was quite a rich treat for the house. Cheek Hares and Connell of Buffalo—a set-to in which Cheek displayed his usual activity and cunning, dealing his blows straight for the head and body, and then dodging the return. Buffalo seems a stout, hearty young fellow, and ought to be a good boxer; but on this occasion did not make a very good show. At the conclusion Cheek gave imitations of the fight between Heenan and Sayers; these imitations are very good, it is said by those who have seen the two men he imitated, spar. Charley O'Hare and a youth—this set to produced the usual shouts of laughter that follow Charley's appearance. In the end O'Hare floored his opponent neatly, for which feat he received a shower of "browns." Nolan and King—little science on the part of King, who seems to think that there is no use for it when one is possessed of strength, of which he has a good share; but Nolan undeceived him on that point before he got through. King gave Nolan two or three severe falls, and Nolan balanced accounts by a few straight right and left handers. Billy Donnelly and Johnny Lazarus gave the wind up. Johnny returned thanks, through Tovee, for the support he had received, and also to the sparrers who had set-to. Donnelley, though suffering from a lame knee, would wind up, as he promised, and do the best he could under the circumstances. We were sorry for this, as we anticipated a rattling set-to, such as Lazarus and Donnelley can give when both are in good trim. As it was, they quietly showed how things could be done. At the end of the set-to, a gentleman stepped on the stage and announced that he was ready to match Billy against Johnny at 115 lbs., according to the latter's defi, which was subsequently arranged, and the match is now on. When these two lightweights come together in the ring, if both are well and there is no interference, a good fight may be looked for.

SHOOTING AND PEDESTRIANISM IN CAMP.—On New Year's day three of the best shots were picked out of each company in each of the four regiments composing Gen. Kearney's Brigade, now located at Fort Worth, Alexandria, Va. These were tried, and the best one of each was detailed to headquarters to shoot for the prize, which consisted of three barrels of ale and a fine rifle to the one who won the ale. Private John Mowers, of Company F, was proven to be the best shot in the 3d New Jersey Regiment, so Johnny had to go and shoot for the drinks. Adjutant Dunham, of the Third, was judge. The competitors from the other three regiments shot with the Springfield Rifle of 1861, while Johnny used his smooth-bore musket. The ale was won by the 1st Regiment. The distance shot was 125 yards. On the 3d inst., in talking over the performances of Deerfoot, recorded in the CLIPPER, R. D. Crandol said he could beat any one in the tent 100 yards. Crandol is some six feet high, but he did not frighten any one, as a little fellow called "Yankee Notions" jumped up with the exclamation—"I'm your boy!" Five dollars a side were soon put up, the ground measured off, referee appointed, and the men started. The little Yankee was too much for the big 'un, "Yankee Notions" winning by half a yard.

PEDESTRIAN CHALLENGE.—I will make a match to run John Thomas against T. Kelly Davis to run one quarter of a mile for $500 or $1000 a side, half forfeit; the race to take place at Chicago, Ill., in four weeks from the time the forfeit is put up or as much longer as Mr. Davis likes to defer it. I think these terms are fair, as I shall have much further to go than Mr. Davis. If this suits Davis or his friends, an answer to me direct, or through the CLIPPER, will be attended to. Yours &c., WILLIAM PUGH.

United States Hotel, Trenton, N. J., Jan. 4, 1862.

PUGILISTIC POULTRY.—A main of cocks was fought at New Bedford, R. I., on the 30th ult., between choice barn yard canaries of New Bedford and Fall River. Five pairs were weighed in, and Fall River fell in for three fights out of the five, thereby winning the odd fight, the main, and the stakes, which were $10 on each battle, and $25 on the main. At the conclusion of the above, several battles took place between picked champion chanticlers, and taken altogether, 'good sport ensued, and lots of U. S 7 3-10 per cents changed hands, the betting having been quite lively.

AMATEURS IN PHILADELPHIA.—The Wheatley Dramatic Association of Philadelphia, performed the three act comedy of "Everybody's Friend" at their hall, in that city, on the 1st inst. As Featherley, J. Brooke was rather excellent, as was Mr. Hufish, in the character of De Boots. Miss Garwood, as Mrs Featherly, contributed much to the success of the piece, materially aided by Miss Everett, as Mrs. Swandown. "The Loan of a Lover" concluded the evening's entertainment, the farce being creditably performed.

YOUNG BACHELOR'S DRAMATIC AND SOCIAL UNION, gave their initiative entertainment and *Soiree* at Dramatic Hall, on Dec. 30, '61. The affair proved quite a success.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

DEC 23.—Young Holden and Charley Lynch—£25 a side, at 8st, Home circuit.
26.—The Brick Lad and Malkin, of Sheffield—£15 a side, at 8st 4lb, Sheffield.
31.—Bob Brettle and Jack Rooke—£200 a side, London.
31.—G. Harding and L. Dimmock—£20 a side, at 7st 2lb, Birmingham.

1862.

JAN. 21.—Cook and Fellows—£10 a side, at 8st 10lb, Birmingham.
31.—Mace and King—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt.
FEB. —Nobby Hall, of Birmingham, and C. Wilkinson, of the Potteries—£50 a side, at 9st 4lb, Midland Counties.
APRIL 1.—Dan Thomas and Joe Nolan—£200 a side, at 8st 10lb, Home circuit.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND TOM KING.—£400 AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—The deposit due on Friday, Dec. 20, was staked, making £170 a side. Mace was at Norwich, where he took a benefit on Dec. 20. Tom King was at Hastings, under the superintendence of Dick Lewis. The final deposit of £30 a side has to be made good a fortnight before the day of the fight.

TRAVERS AND TYLER.—THE LATE FIGHT FOR £200.—On Wednesday evening, Dec. 18, the battle money, £200, for the late fight between Bob Travers and John (Bos) Tyler, was handed over to the winner (Travers), by Captain H., in the presence of a great number of the followers of the noble art, at Alec Keene's. Amongst the notables present were Jem Mace, the Champion, W. Ryall, Bob Travers, Bos Tyler, Job Cobley, C. Jenkinson, the pedestrian and trainer, as well as a great number of their backers and friends. Captain H., when he presented the money to Travers, spoke in the highest terms of his good conduct during his career in the magic circle, and more especially in the late encounter with his brave and scientific opponent, who also came in for a well-deserved share of encomium. Travers returned his best thanks in a short speech, in which he stated his intention of finally retiring from the ring. He then appealed to the company to help to console his late opponent for his loss, and headed the gathering with a couple of sovs, which was most materially increased as he made the circuit of the room on his kindly mission. Bob Travers and Bos Tyler were to take a joint benefit at Hackney Wick, on Thursday, Dec. 26. During the evening a pedestrian match was made between Jem Mace and Bob Travers, to run a mile, at Hackney Wick, on Monday, Jan. 20, Mace staking £100 to £40, £5 and £2 being there and then staked. They were to meet at Alec Keene's, on Tuesday, Dec. 24th, to draw up articles.

FIGHT FOR £10, AT PLYMOUTH, BETWEEN T. PROCTOR, OF BIRMINGHAM, AND M. BURKE, OF PLYMOUTH.—Both men are of some note in their respective localities, Burke having defeated J. Ryan, after a hard fight of two hours and twenty-five minutes, which victory, he considered, entitled him to the Plymouth championship. T. Proctor disputed his right to that honor, he having beaten some good men, hence the present match. Early in the morning a ring was formed near Mile House. Burke was carefully waited upon by Jepson, of London, and Black Charley. Curley Richards, of Bristol, and Cooke, of Birmingham, waited upon Proctor. On entering the ring, neither man appeared in condition for fighting, but Burke had decidedly the advantage of height, weight, and reach, but in the first round it was evident that these advantages were counterbalanced by the superior science of Proctor, for he planted upon him with stinging severity one, two, and got out of harm's way. Each round was a mere repetition of the first. After fighting fifty-two minutes, Burke being totally blind, his seconds seeing that he had not the slightest chance, threw up the sponge. A liberal subscription was made for Burke, he having done his best, but it was evident from the first Proctor was too good a scienced man for him. Proctor left the ring without a scratch.

MICKEY GANNON AND J. HATTON.—The £25 match between Jesse Hatton and Mickey Gannon, at catch-weight, was fixed upon by the backers to take place on December 17, at a convenient spot near Aylesbury, which was reached by the *voyageurs* at about 5 o'clock, A. M. The ring was pitched most expeditiously, and both men put in an appearance, Gannon having George Crockett and Jack Hicks for his seconds, while Hatton had no seconds with him; George Brown, who was at the station, not putting in an appearance. The ring was left tenantless for above an hour and a half, during which time Hatton would not agree to any one to second him, or pick a referee, although he was offered his choice. At length one of the "authorities" interfered, rendering a move back to London imperative. Jesse Hatton's conduct makes it appear that, for reasons best known to himself, he did not wish to fight. He obstinately refused to concur in the selection of a referee, and seemed bent upon giving all the unnecessary trouble in his power. Hatton's party, on their arrival in London, gave £10 for Gannon to postpone the mill until the 31st. Mickey Gannon will increase the stakes to £50 a side, if Hatton be willing.

BOXING IN ENGLAND.

JEM MACE AND BOB BRETTLE AGAIN.

On Monday evening, Dec. 2d, the Westminster-road was in a state of excitement and bustle, in consequence of the long announced benefit for the Champion, Jem Mace, and Bob Brettle, of Birmingham, taking place. The doors were opened at seven, P. M., and the crowds that soon flowed through the portals promised fairly towards the interest of the heroes concerned. The arena filled very fast, and during the evening the 5s. and 2s. 6d. seats were crowded. The only drawback was the usual absence of some of the heads of the profession who had given their names, but did not show. The M. C., Billy Duncan, did his duties in his usual quiet and efficient manner, and at 8:10 P. M., announced the brothers Hawkes, who appeared in appropriate costumes, to commence proceedings. Their doings together are by this time pretty well known, and they had four rounds of hearty fisticuffs. The second pair were Jem Mace's Wolf and Jack Smith, of Portsmouth, who had the gloves on for four rounds. In the first, Smith posed the Darkie by stalling off his usual rush, getting his left on easily, and many times rather warm with the double, the Black now and then getting on a little one. The second was much more equal, although it was evident that the Portsmouth representative had much the best of it. The third was an improvement on the previous one, as the Black gave as good as he received, and several good counters were given and taken. In the fourth and last, the Black was busy with his left and right, Smith also doing the State some service with his right and uppercuts. The Black, however, had the best of the bout at the finish. The next pair were Hawkes, of Birmingham, who fought Gillam, and Young Baldock, who had four bouts. The first was a round which warmed both, they going at it like journeymen hatters, doing twelve days for the week, and they concluded with a smart rally. In the second, the same tactics were displayed, only harder, and Baldock would have been forced through the ropes, had it not been for the M. C. The third was loudly cheered by the spectators, for the spar had improved to a glove fight, in which both were determined and busy, trying their best to knock his opponent down. The fourth and last was a much finer exhibition than the previous, and they shook hands amidst an uproar of applause. The M. C. then introduced Young Dove, and Damper, of Walsall, who sparred for three rounds, and although smaller, were by no means backward in using the mittens, as they stood no repairs, but did their best to demonstrate the art of self-defence. Very few blows were delivered without being well stopped or well countered, but as they got the steam up, the give and take likewise increased in severity, and the rounds were concluded by rallies and closing. Young Wilsie and Lynch's Novice, who had been announced, then commenced sparring, and had three merry bouts. Young Henley, who fought Joe Nolan, and Fred Dickenson, were the next who showed, and amused the assembled throng for three rounds, in which both did their best. Billy Duncan, at this stage of the evening's amusement, introduced Tom King to the audience, and announced that he (King) was to take a benefit, previous to his going into training to fight Mace, at the Rotunda Theatre, Blackfriars Bridge, on Monday, December 9. Denny Sullivan and Mike Larkins had five rounds of sparring in their usual style, which tended to put the company into rare good humor, as it excited the play of the risible muscles, each bout being finished amidst shouts of laughter. Langham's Black Diamond and the Slashing Butcher had four sets-to in their well-known style, in which both showed more vigor than science. Young Drew and Jones, who fought Gollagher, were the pair who next exhibited their skill for three rounds, which was fully appreciated by the admirers of the sport, both being as merry as grigs, and took their gruel very kindly, Drew having the best of it. Great excitement was then displayed when Young Lead and Peter Morris, of Birmingham, were announced by Billy Duncan. In the first round the play took place amidst the greatest silence, every blow and stop being watched with the utmost minuteness, and when they did get on, long breaths were drawn by their partizans on either side. The first round concluded with a grand rally. In the second round both sparred for an opening, showing equal caution; when they did make play, the blows were delivered like lightning, and the manner in which each avoided punishment was gratifying to all. The third round was equally well contested. After a tremendous rally, in which they were busy with both hands, they broke away, but again renewed the hitting, until they were obliged to retire to their corners. In the last round Leaf avoided Morris' left, the Brum following suit; they then countered, and afterwards met in a most determined rally, which lasted until they were forced to retire from fatigue, amidst loud acclamations. Pitham and Lennard were the next couple, and, as after a storm there generally comes a calm, so the set-to of three rounds were looked upon with but small interest, although they had three rounds, both very busy. Jack Brookes, of Norwich, and Stebbings, also had a good bout of three rounds, in which the Norfolk Dumpling enlisted the sympathy of the public, from the great disparity of size between them. Brookes was very busy, getting on without a return, and ducking out of the way of the Big-un's rushes. In the second round Brookes served the Big-un with the same soup, but of a much warmer quality. Their third and last go was the same as the previous ones, and finished in a rally, in which Brookes had none the worst. Old Nat and Old Hammer Lane were the next pair who mounted the stage, amidst cheering, &c. Before sparring, Nat addressed a few words to the company, in which he claimed their sympathy and assistance for the good old member of the Birmingham school, whose doings in the P. R. were at one time considered almost beyond comparison. They had three rounds, in which Nat showed his left hand had not lost its cunning, as it found a resting place whenever he wished. Hammer Lane also showed that, although he was deficient of his pristine vigor, he had not lost "all" his form. Holden and Lynch then had some rough play, which lasted through three rounds, both standing and slogging away as if they were pieces of Machinery. Jem Dillon and Bob Webb made a tidy spar for three bouts, in which they were both busy, and gave general satisfaction. They finished with a slashing round, in which both came to the floor. Jem Mace, the Champion, and Bob Brettle, who is matched with Jack Rooke for £400 and a bet of £300, the two *beneficiares*, were introduced by the M. C., each girded with their belts, Mace with that of the Championship of England, and Brettle by the one presented to him as the champion of the middle-weights. The M. C. then showed the cup, belts, &c., belonging to each man, giving a short and succinct history of each as he showed them. Mace was dressed in fighting drawers, stockings and boots, with a white shirt. Bob Brettle in a similar costume with a pink silk Jersey, and looked as tough as one of the staple commodities of the hardware village. Jem Mace's colors for the forthcoming championship encounter were next exhibited. They are a handsome Magenta, with a white and blue cross bar to form a check, in the centre of which is a small flower, and no doubt will meet with a ready sale. Mace then returned thanks for himself and Brettle, and offered to lay £300 to £200 that he won the battle. King then stepped upon the stage, and stated that he had not much money, but that he should do his best to win, and would take £20 to £10. They then shook hands for the wind-up, and sparred during a couple of rounds, during which very clever tactics were exhibited, and they shook hands amidst the plaudits and cheers of the company. The sparring was of an average quality; the absence of some of the great guns gave great umbrage to the crowd. Gollagher and Nolan were present, but, in consequence of the proximity of the day of their meeting, it was thought advisable for them not to throw away a chance. Tom Tyler was there as usual, to spar, but could not find a competitor, although Shaw was present, but we have no doubt the conduct of those who refused to show will be remembered at no remote period by their brother professionals and the public. The arrangements, bar the gas, were very comfortable, and altogether the benefit was a success.

PEDESTRIANISM.

DEERFOOT AGAIN VICTORIOUS,

AT THE VICTORIA GROUNDS.

On Monday, Dec. 2d, Deerfoot, the celebrated long-distance champion; Mills, the six-miles' champion; Brighton, the four-mile champion; Barker, of London; and Cliff, of Leeds; ran a ten-miles race in the Victoria Grounds, Dewsbury road, in the presence of from 12 000 to 15,000 people. The race was for a silver cup, valued at thirty guineas, there being a second prize of £10, a third of £5, and a fourth of £1. The event excited considerable interest throughout the district, but in the sporting world betting was quiet, the odds being 3 to 1 in favor of the Indian. The race was fixed for three o'clock, and for two or three hours previously, the thoroughfares were thronged in every direction by all classes of people, drawn together by the celebrity of the competitors, and anxious to see the running of Deerfoot. There was also a good deal of curiosity to catch a glimpse of the transatlantic aboriginal in his picturesque costume of skins and moccassins, and almost every doorway had its occupant watching anxiously the vehicles as they passed to the ground. The arrangements for the admission and accommodation of the public were not very satisfactory. There was not only extreme pressure at the entrances, but great crushing inside, the temporary stands erected for the occasion being crowded to excess, and the course being thronged so as to leave only a very narrow lane for the runners. The erections, too, were unsafe, and just as the race commenced, a part of the Grand Stand gave way, throwing some 200 or 300 people to the ground, and more or less seriously injuring two or three of the spectators, though fortunately in no case fatally. The men appeared on the ground a little before three o'clock, Deerfoot being dressed in his native costume. His appearance naturally excited a good deal of notice, and, to those who expected to see an untutored savage, no little disappointment. He was preceded or followed by the other competitors, and the men having stripped, they ran down to the starting post. The length of the course was 396 yards, and the men had to run forty-four times round to complete the distance. Deerfoot wore his eagle's feather, Mills ran in scarlet, Brighton in blue, Barker in green, and Cliff in yellow. Of Cliff we can say little. He looked unequal to the work, to begin with, and his pace was such as to put him out of the race from the commencement. The men started about seven minutes past three o'clock, and during the first round kept pretty well together. Their positions varied from time to time, with the exception of Cliff, who was left in the rear from the first, each taking the lead alternately, but the pace was not very rapid, the round being completed in little over a minute. The men were evidently reserving themselves for the distance, and for the first half hour they kept close together, at times running shoulder to shoulder, and at others leading by a few yards, and winning alternately a cheer of encouragement. During this time it was impossible to form any idea as to the result of the race, though the confidence in the Indian's success was unabated. In the twenty-fourth round, Mills led several yards, and coming up with Cliff, who was then three rounds behind, a smart race took place past the Grand Stand, after which Mills retired, and it was subsequently stated that he had only put in an appearance to please the public, as he is engaged to run six miles with Deerfoot this (Wednesday.) This was to many a great disappointment, because it had been expected that the struggle would have been between Deerfoot and Mills. The disappointment, however, had to be endured, and as the race was going on, attention was diverted from it, under the impression that Mills, who had shown some distress, was beaten. In the twenty-seventh round, Barker was also thrown off by a stone in his shoe, but after removing the obstacle he renewed the race, and ran gamely for the third place. The struggle now lay between Deerfoot and Brighton, and for some time the contest seemed evenly balanced. Brighton, whose style of running is good, was deservedly admired, kept the lead, with few exceptions, up to the fortieth round, and at one time he himself felt very sanguine as to the ultimate result. His competitor, however, kept close to him, occasionally running with him shoulder to shoulder, and now and then making a spurt in advance. During this time the race became very exciting, and Brighton was loudly cheered, but the distance, which he had only run twice before, was too long for him, and in the fortieth round Deerfoot passed him. Brighton's appearance showed that he was exhausted, whilst the Indian was running as strong as at the first, and with scarcely any appearance of fatigue. The latter from this time quietly watched his antagonist, saw that he had him safe, and kept a yard or two in advance, and once or twice literally danced before him, and gave his well known whoop. Brighton made one or two spurts, and in the last round he made a vigorous push as he came in front of the Grand Stand, but his strength was gone, and the Indian ran in the winner by some two or three yards. Barker took the third place, and Cliff, who was six or seven rounds behind at the close of the race, came in fourth and last. The ground was very heavy, and though the crowd was on the whole orderly, the runners were more or less impeded by the pressure, there not being room in some places to pass. The first five miles were run in 25 min. 43 sec., and the ten miles in 53 min. 10 sec.

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR DEERFOOT.

AT THE GREEN HILLS GARDENS, NORWICH.

Norwich was the scene of considerable excitement on Monday, Dec. 9, in consequence of a visit from Deerfoot, whose performances seem to excite undiminished interest wherever he presents himself. On Sunday evening, Deerfoot was invited to dinner in the hall of Trinity College, Cambridge, and was honored with a gracious recognition by his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, who was present. Notwithstanding an interruption in his night's rest, he seemed quite fresh when he came to the starting-post with his two competitors, Brighton, of Norwich, the Four Miles Champion, and Lang, of Middlesborough. The Green Hills Gardens were the scene of the match, and the distance run was nearly as possible six miles, 42 rounds of 251 yards each being traversed. The Indian appeard in his usual costume, a spangled fillet being around his head, in front of which was fastened a solitary eagle's feather. He is much taller than his competitors, his height being 5 ft. 11½ in., while Brighton is only 5 ft. 4 in., and Lang about 5 ft. 7 in. At 3:7 P. M., the start took place, and the men, for several rounds, kept well together, frequently changing their positions, the Indian being more than once last. Up to the twenty-first round, all the men kept well to their work, but when they had completed this round, and, consequently, half the distance, Lang gave up, showing signs of exhaustion. Deerfoot and his remaining active competitor held on without the least apparent inconvenience, the tail feather being sometimes in front, and sometimes in the rear of the indomitable little Englishman. At the close of the forty first round, Brighton was about five yards behind his opponent, but in the final round he put on a spurt, and nearly closed on his rival. The Indian put forth all his strength for a decisive effort, and, with the help of his long legs, and his apparently inexhaustible powers, succeeded in recovering his advantage, finally winning by two and a half yards. He then ran round the gardens for the forty third time, to show that he had plenty of stamina left, and finally retired into the tavern, to which the gardens serve as an adjunct, for the purpose of resuming his full amount of clothing, although before doing so he acknowledged the cheering with which he was greeted by uttering a loud cry, something between a yell and a shout, which was understood to be the war-whoop of his tribe. The entire distance of six miles was traversed in 31 min. 30 sec. The Duke of Wellington and his party had a private room overlooking the grounds, and was much pleased with the contest, and, after the race, made Deerfoot and Brighton a present of half-a-sovereign each.

DEERFOOT AT THE VICTORIA GARDENS, YARMOUTH.

On Wednesday, Dec. 11, Deerfoot again entered in a ten miles' display at the Victoria Gardens, in the town of Great Yarmouth, the headquarters of the famous "bloaters." The prize offered was a simple trophy only, and the other men who started with Deerfoot were—S. Barker, W. Lang, and Jackson, better known, perhaps, as the "American Deer." The start was effected with punctuality at three p. m., and the Indian led off at first, although he was soon overhauled by Barker and Lang, who took the lead for the first two or three laps. From the first, it was evident that Jackson stood no chance against his swifter rivals, and by the time six or seven laps had been completed, he was from twenty to thirty yards behind. Lang and Barker chopped about a good deal at first, but kept ahead of the Indian till they closed the eighth lap, when Deerfoot passed Lang, although Barker still maintained the lead. From the ninth to the fourteenth lap there was very little change, but in the last, Lang, who is an excellent runner, and a remarkably clean-built fellow, with the exception, as he himself admits, that he carries too much fat—again put on a spurt and took the first place, Deerfoot remaining third. In the sixteenth lap the Indian passed both the other men with apparent ease, maintaining his advantage for the next three laps, when Lang and Barker again left him in the rear. The pace was hard throughout, as will be seen from the fact that Lang, Deerfoot, and Barker completed their twenty-first lap by the time that Jackson had finished his twentieth, Lang being the first to pass him, which he did in admirable style. Barker and Lang continued to put forth all their energies, and maintained their positions ahead of the Indian, who rolled, however, quietly and rapidly along. In the twenty-second, twenty third, and twenty-fourth laps, Lang and Barker were continually changing places, but held the lead, with these variations, to the twenty-eighth lap, when Deerfoot put forth his extraordinary powers, and soon regained the lead. In the thirtieth and thirty-first rounds, the tide again turned in favor of Barker and Lang, but before completing his thirty-second lap, Lang was suddenly seen to pause, and stagger along with his hand to his side, the fine fellow being seized with a "stitch." He quickly recovered himself, but not before Barker and Deerfoot had gone round the gardens again, so that any chance of success which he might have possessed was now quite extinguished. Notwithstanding this, however, he again joined in the running, following Jackson, who still kept steadily on, although in every lap he lost a few yards more. In the next few laps, Barker and the Indian kept very close together, coming in side by side in the thirty-ninth; but although Lang succeeded in easily passing Jackson, he could of course make no impression on men who were two laps in advance of him. Up to the forty first lap Barker had the lead, but Deerfoot again took the shine out of him in the next few rounds. While Deerfoot and Barker were completing their forty-fifth lap, and Lang was engaged on his forty-third, the latter was again attacked as he had been before, and finding that it was useless to persist any longer, he wisely declined to take any further part in the performance, which was consequently confined from this point to Deerfoot and Barker, Jackson being to all intents and purposes "out of court." The running continued to be well maintained by Deerfoot and Barker, the latter generally leading, although he never had a decided advantage. With the exception of one lap (the fifty-fourth), Barker was always slightly ahead, but in the last lap but one, Deerfoot again succeeded in passing him. Barker, however, proved himself a formidable foe, for in the course of the final lap he was again leading a little; and it was not until Deerfoot made his customary final rush in the last 100 yards that he obtained the deciding advantage of about two yards. Both men were much exhausted, as well they might be, for the eighty-two laps comprised 214 yards each, or only fifty-two yards short of ten miles, and this distance was run in 52 min. 31 sec., showing that the pace had been exceedingly strong throughout. Jackson held sturdily on to the close, but he was between four and five laps behind at the finish. On comparing the time occupied with Deerfoot's previous performances, it will be seen that this was one of the hardest affairs—if not the hardest—in which he has yet engaged, and Barker's reputation must also be enhanced by the mode in which he acquitted himself. Brighton did not show in the race, although it had been announced that he would do so.

EXCITING RACE

BETWEEN

MILLS AND DEERFOOT, FOR £200, AT HACKNEY WICK.

A DEAD HEAT.

Perhaps on no occasion of Deerfoot's appearing in public has there been greater interest and excitement manifested than on Monday, Dec. 16. This is to be accounted for from his meeting so popular a favorite as "little Teddy Mills," the natty, tight built holder of the Six Miles Champion's Belt! There was consequently more betting than on any of the Deerfoot displays. At the clubs especially speculation mounted to very formidable figures; indeed, it was said that Captain D— and Colonel S— backed Mills (before his recent indisposition) to win them some £4 000!

When Deerfoot arrived in England his first match was with little Mills, for the Six Miles Champion's Belt, when "Young England" defeated the Indian by twenty yards, doing the distance in 32 min. 31½ sec. The next match was the Ten Miles Champion's Cup, and in this race the Indian was the victor, beating Mills and White, doing the distance in 54 min. 20 sec. These two matches led to the present one of eight miles, as it was thought that splitting the difference between the two distances, would bring them more together, and to make the match more exciting, £100 a side were staked in proper hands. Monday Dec. 16, was appointed for the race to take place, and on that day between 8,000 and 9 000 persons assembled to witness the match. Mills, a fortnight back, was suffering from a severe cold, but after paying two or three visits to the Turkish baths at Stratford, he shook off the ill effects, and expressed himself "fit to go for his life." Deerfoot was said to be coughing, but otherwise in fine condition. Three o'clock was the time set for the race, and ten minutes before that time the competitors came on the ground; Mills attended by Sam Barker, and Deerfoot by W. Lang (of Middlesboro'). On taking off their outer habiliments, Deerfoot was seen to have discarded his feather and fancy skirt, and assumed the costume of the English Pedestrians. He wore a white dress, over which were a pair of crimson short drawers. Mills stripped in a suit of silk tights, with black drawers over. The betting now became very brisk, 6 to 4, and even 2 to 1, being laid on the Indian. The course, from the recent rains, was very heavy, and the consequence was that after the men had run three or four miles, their light running shoes were so saturated with wet that they appeared quite rotten, as will be seen in the account of the race. The men had to traverse the course fifty three times and 200 yards, and punctually to the hour of three, Price, the M.C. of Hackney Wick, started them on their journey, amidst loud and hearty cheers. The Indian took a lead of a yard, Mills running in his wake. The contrast between the two, both in style and size, was very great, Deerfoot lunging along with his rolling action, whilst his lesser opponent went over the ground as lightly as though running on air. During the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth laps, the Indian held the lead, but in going up the hill in the seventh, Mills went past him like an arrow, led down the straight run, and finished the first mile two yards ahead, in 4 min. 57 sec.—first rate time over such a course, and having to run on. For two laps did the little hero show the way, at an increased pace, both evidently determined to do or die. Coming down the straight run in the ninth lap, Deerfoot challenged for the lead, but Mills, who seemed bent on trying the powers of his antagonist, raced for it, and it was not until the finish of the lap that the Indian succeeded in passing him. Deerfoot's backer, who was taking the time and counting the laps, now remarked to one of Mills' backers, that they had not such an easy job as they thought. Without any change in their relative positions the men swept along lap after lap, urged on by the encouraging cheers of the spectators, and cries of "Well done, Deerfoot," "Stick to him, Teddy," arose from all parts of the ground, until, in the twelfth lap, rounding the pagoda turn, Mills went up to the Indian's shoulder—evidently to measure him—and ran at his elbow until the completion of the second mile, which was run in 10 min. 22 sec. Commencing the fifteenth lap, Mills fell into his former position in the rear of Deerfoot, and continued there until going up the back stretch in the nineteenth lap, when he again went to the Indian's elbow, as if to pass him, but Deerfoot, upon catching sight of him, dashed ahead with some of his longest strides, and came plunging down the straight to the end of the lap, leading by a couple of yards. On breasting the hill the twenty-third time, Mills would not be denied, and challenging for the lead, in a few strides deprived him of it, and led the way to a merry pace to the finish of the third mile, which was done in 15 min. 50 sec. He held the lead for the next three laps, but going past the reserved seats in the twenty-fourth, the Indian, with a fine burst, went to the front, and in coming down the straight, Mills took the sponge, showing that the pace and the heavy ground were beginning to tell on him. While the competitors were running the succeeding lap, Deerfoot made another of his powerful dashes, and the stride he takes when he thus "lets loose" is something astonishing. His superior strength, too, gave him the advantage in travelling the heaviest portion of the course, and after closing upon his man, he once again came to the front, and held the lead to the termination of the fourth mile, this portion of the distance being covered in 21 min. 10 sec. No sooner had they commenced the fifth mile, in the twenty ninth round, than Mills, as they entered the back, passed the Indian and resumed the lead. As they came down the straight to the next lap, Deerfoot once more passed his man, although he did not head him by more than three yards. In the thirty-third round, as the men came to the bend of the course, Mills, with a smile, viewed his man from head to foot, and then, in a vigorous spurt, challenged him for the lead. As they neared the goal the gallant little Englishman got close upon his man's quarters; but no sooner had he done so than the Indian bounded from him, and again placed a gap of some three yards between them; but in going up the hill Mills closed it up. As they passed the post for the thirty fourth time, Mills was seen looking at his right foot, and he appeard to be running lame; in the following round he told his mentor, William Price, that his shoe had burst, and was giving way. This allowed Deerfoot to get some three yards ahead, which lead he held on passing the post for the five miles, run in 26 min 27 sec. It could now be seen that Mills was running under difficulties, having to form his foot into an arch, as it were, to keep his shoe on, by which he was compelled to run on his heel, which shook his whole frame terribly. Finding himself at a fearful disadvantage, running literally clogged, he made the most game efforts to relieve himself of the encumbrance, and in rounding the pagoda turn in the thirty-ninth lap, he managed to shake it off. This unlucky accident, however, daunted not the gallant little fellow, for although laboring under the fearful odds of running with one foot bare, he resolutely kept on, and on topping the hill in the fortieth lap, put on a splendid spurt, dashed to the front as if his powers were not in the slightest impaired by the *contretemps*, and carried on the running for the next lap; then, as if quite confident in his stamina, he fell behind the Indian, who finished the sixth mile two yards ahead, in 31 min. 48 sec. The pace up to this portion of the race had been severe, and the exertions of each man had told a tale, for they were both perspiring very freely, and the backs of their guernseys were wet through. The seven miles were completed in 37 min. 15 sec. In the forty-third lap, Mills once more rushed to the front, and showed his opponent that the race was not yet won. This position Mills maintained for the next six laps, and each time as the game little fellow passed the spectators, he was greeted with loud and enthusiastic cheers. Deerfoot now, in the fiftieth lap, went up to Mills, and a most exciting struggle took place for the lead, but the little fellow would not have it, and again dashed away from his adversary. Each succeeding lap was now watched with increasing excitement and interest. Mills still held the lead, Deerfoot evidently husbanding his strength for a final rush. At length a loud and prolonged shout announced that they had commenced the final lap, and now ensued a scene utterly defying description. The crowd from all parts of the ground rushed to the finish, and the course was so blocked up that it was almost impossible for the men to run. As they entered the straight run in, Mills was still leading by about a yard, but when within forty yards of home, Deerfoot made one of his tremendous rushes, and endeavored to pass Mills, but came in contact with one of the bystanders, which caused him to carom against Mills, which turned each of them half round. Mills was the first to recover himself, (although he greatly felt the loss of his shoe) and came on with his shoulder just in front, until within two strides of the handkerchief, when the Indian made another dash, and collared his opponent on the post; the referee, amidst much excitement, declaring it to be a dead heat. Both men were much exhausted, and had to be led from the ground, but they speedily recovered their energies, especially Mills, who was as merry as a cricket in a very short time after donning his every-day costume. Several set up a shout that Mills had won, and one or two parsons who held bets, gave them up. The following is the time:—

TIME.			
1 mile	4min. 57sec.	5 mile	26min. 27sec.
2 mile	10min. 22sec.	6 mile	31min. 38sec.
3 mile	15min. 20sec.	7 mile	37min. 15sec.
4 mile	21min. 10sec.	8 mile	43min.

The public will be enabled to judge from this last performance of Mills' whether or not he is entitled to the first rank as a pedestrian. After enumerating the various "hard lines" under which he ran, the game efforts he made to recover his lost ground, and the fact of his running *upwards of two miles with only one shoe on*, his pluck and stamina as a pedestrian are almost unequalled. So confident was he of success, that he declared after the race that had it not been for the mishap alluded to, he could have won by *twenty yards*.

Mills and Deerfoot's backers met the next day, according to appointment, to decide what should be done upon the strength of the dead heat. Martin, considering that the Indian wants a rest, and perhaps, upon the whole, that the race was far too near to be pleasant, officially announced his determination to draw the stakes. Mills, on the other hand, was most anxious for the matter to be run off, but this was stoutly resisted by Deerfoot's party, and ultimately, after being "convinced against his will," little Mills consented to a draw, yet declaring himself unbeaten, and expressing his disappointment that an opportunity was not afforded him of gaining his laurels in a decisive manner. He has therefore issued a fresh challenge to the Indian to run on the same terms. The heels and soles of Deerfoot's running shoes were split asunder by the severity of the contest at the finish, and the heavy state of the ground.

DEERFOOT AGAINST TIME.—Mr. George Martin is prepared to back Deerfoot to run eleven miles within the hour, for £500. The match to come off at the West London Grounds, the proceeds of the gathering to be given to the Consumption Hospital, at Brompton.

THE TRIGGER.

GREAT SHOOTING MATCH FOR £200.—On Wednesday and Thursday Dec. 4th and 5th, there was a great pigeon shooting match shot off at the Copenhagen Grounds, Manchester, between William Renwick and J. Brown (better known as Robson), both of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the stakes at issue being £100 aside; the conditions of the match being to shoot at twenty five pigeons each, at twenty-five yards' rise, with 2oz. of shot, eighty yards' boundary; to find birds and trap for each other. Mr. Thomas Hayes, the proprietor of the grounds, was mutually selected referee. The betting was 6 to 4 on Renwick. The articles also stated that the competitors were to commence each day at eleven o'clock, owing to which there was but a poor attendance each day, many visitors arriving after the match was over. Mr. Redfern, of Manchester, supplied Renwick with the best blue rocks, whilst Brown found his own birds, which were of an inferior description. On Wednesday they commenced with twenty-five yards' rise, when Renwick began with missing his first four, killed four, missed one, killed his next five, missed two, killed two more, missed another two, killed three, and missed the next two; total killed, fourteen out of twenty-five; whilst Brown killed two, missed one, killed one, missed two, killed another, missed one, killed two, missed one, killed the next three, missed two more, killed one, missed four in succession, killed three, and missed one; total killed, thirteen out of twenty-five. On Thursday, Renwick knocked over the first six, missed one, killed one; missed another, killed three, missed one, killed the next ten, missed one, and then killed one; total, twenty-one out of twenty-five. Brown knocked down three, missed the next two, killed the next eight, missed one, killed two, missed one, killed the next four, missed another, killed one, missed one, and then killed his last: total, nineteen out of twenty-five. Score:—

WEDNESDAY, AT 25 YARDS' RISE.

RENWICK....0 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 0—Total, 14.
BROWN.....1 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 0—Total, 13.

THURSDAY, AT 21 YARDS' RISE.

RENWICK....1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—Total, 21.
BROWN.....1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1—Total, 19.

Renwick thus won the match by three birds, having killed thirty-five, whilst Brown knocked over thirty-two. We understand that these men have contested eleven times Renwick having proved successful six times, one match a draw, and Brown won four times.

A CHAMPIONSHIP SHOOTING MATCH.—Some few weeks since, a bold challenge appeared, from a gamekeeper of the name of J. Millington, of Norley, Eng., to any man breathing, for the sum of £20 a side, and title of Champion of Cheshire, which was immediately responded to by Samuel Marler, of Denton, the men to shoot with a double-barrelled gun, the use of one barrel, with 1½ oz. of shot, 19 yards' rise, eighty fall, and the whole of the butt to be below the elbow until the bird took wing. On the articles being signed, Mr. Holden, the banker, of Manchester, was appointed stakeholder, and Monday, Dec. 16, being the day appointed for the "bone of contention" to be decided, there was an immense gathering of the friends of both aspirants at the Acton Station Inn, near to which the match took place. About twelve o'clock at noon, both men were in "arms and eager for the fray." The betting was quite of a Cheshire description—viz.: *non est*; the friends of Marler offering any odds, without a response. All being in readiness, Marler opened the ball with killing the first two, missed one, killed one, missed another, killed the next three, missed one, he then knocked over ten in succession, missed two together, killed two, missed one, and killed the next three; total, twenty-one out of twenty-seven, at which shot the match was over, his opponent being four birds behind, with only three to shoot at. Millington commenced with killing his first, missed one, killed one, missed one, killed one, missed another, killed three, missed one, killed one, missed one, killed three more, missed another, killed one, missed one, killed three, missed two, killed three, missed two, and killed two; total, nineteen out of thirty.

Mr. Marler.....1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1862.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

THE BASE BALL SEASON OF 1861.

We commence, in this issue, our regular annual review of the base ball season of 1861, which, despite the interruptions and drawbacks occasioned by the great rebellion, has been really a very interesting year in the annals of the game, far more so than it was expected it would have been in the early part of it; but the game has too strong a foothold in popularity to be frowned out of favor by the lowering brows of "grim-visaged war," and if any proof was needed that our national game is a fixed institution of the country, it would be found in the fact, that it has flourished through such a year of adverse circumstances as those that have marked the season of 1861. We shall only notice those games, reports of which have appeared in this paper, in doing which we shall give the date of the matches played, the total scores of both sides, and the best batting scores made by individual players.

As usual, the season was first inaugurated by the clubs of Brooklyn; the first score we have recorded in the CLIPPER being that of a practice game between two nines of the Excelsior club, which took place on May 9th. The sides were captained by Pearsall and Young, the former winning by a score of 24 to 18. Flanly made the score of the match, getting 5 runs and 0 outs, J. Patchen's 3 runs, with a clean score, being the best on Young's side. This was the only occasion the names of players of the Excelsior club appeared in print throughout the season, except in individual cases, in which some of their members played in amalgamated matches. Not a single match was played by the Excelsiors this year with any club, and the attendance on their grounds on practice days was very slim indeed, after the first month or two of the season. The absence of Mr. Leggett, who went with the 13th regiment, made a great difference, as he was the life and soul of the club on these occasions.

On May 22d, the junior clubs Niagara and Mattano, of Brooklyn, had a match together, the result being a decided victory for the Niagaras, who obtained 32 runs to their opponents' 9. Voris, of the Niagaras, made the best score of the match, getting 6 runs and no outs; Roach, of the Mattanos, scoring 2 runs and 1 out, the best on that side.

On the 28th of May, the Eckfords opened play for the season by having a lively game between their first nine and the field, the former allowing their opponents six outs. The first nine were the victors by a score of 28 to 21. McAuslan, of the field party, made the best score of the match, getting 4 runs and no outs, including a home run; Manolt, of the first nine, making the same score, except that he had one out.

On the 5th of June, fully 3000 people were assembled on the grounds of the Atlantic club to witness the first regular contest of the season, it being the match between the Enterprise and Eckford clubs. The Eckfords came off victorious by the large score of 52 to 19, Josh Snyder making the score of the match by getting 7 runs and but one out; Leland's 4 runs and one out being the best on the Enterprise side.

On the 13th of June, the Active club went to Fordham, and had a match with the Rose Hill club of that village, the Actives winning by a score of 40 to 26. Walker and Van Nest each scored 6 runs and 2 outs; Murphy and Brownson each getting 4 runs and 2 outs on the Rose Hill side.

On the 17th of June we recorded the score of a practice game that was played on the Atlantic grounds between sides chosen by Pearce and Smith, of that club, the former scoring 37 to 32 by Smith's side. F. Seinsoth led the score on Smith's side, getting 6 runs and 2 outs, A. Smith doing the same on Pearce's side.

On the 22d of June the Mystic, of Yorkville—formerly the Champion—and the Resolute, of Brooklyn, both so called junior clubs, had a match together at Brooklyn, the result of which was an easy conquest for the Resolutes, by a score of 23 to 12. A. Rogers, Creagh, and Barto, of the Resolutes, each scored 4 runs and 1 out, the two former getting home runs, McCarthy, of the Mystics, making 3 runs and 1 out, including a home run.

On June 26th, the Enterprise and Hamilton clubs had a match together at Brooklyn, the result being the success of the former by a score of 38 to 27. Start made the best score of the match, getting 6 runs and 1 out, including two home runs, Bergen's score on the Hamilton side being 5 runs and 1 out.

On July 2d, the Henry Eckford and Jefferson clubs had a match together at Greenpoint, the result of which was a victory for the Henry Eckfords by a score of 26 to 10. Squires, of the Henry Eckfords, made the score of the match, getting 5 runs and 1 out, Reed's score of 2 runs and 1 out being the best on the Jefferson side.

On the 4th of July, all the club grounds were fully occupied, that day, like Thanksgiving, being a ball playing day. Among the number of games played on the 4th, that between two nines chosen by members of the Star and Charter Oak clubs, which took place on the Carroll Park grounds, was probably the most interesting, several of the first nine of the Excelsior, Star, Charter Oak, Independent, Oriental, and Nassau clubs taking part in the contest. It was a well played game throughout, and a very interesting match. The Star nine proved successful by a score of 24 to 23; Flanly, of that side, making the score of the match, getting five runs and one out, including a home run. Grignoux's score of 5 runs and 3 outs being the best on the Charter Oak side.

On July 6th, the Resolute, of Brooklyn, and Active, of New York, had a match together, the former winning easily by a score of 31 to 13, only six innings being played. Bennett's score of 5 runs and one out, including a home run, was the best on the part of the Resolute; that of Ebbetts, 3 runs and one out, being the best on the other side.

On the 10th of July, the third match between the Eureka, of Newark, and Enterprise, of Brooklyn, took place at Hoboken, on which occasion the Enterprise boys sustained the worst defeat they ever experienced, the score of the match being 27 to 5. The fielding of the Eurekas in this match was admirable, and in striking contrast to that shown by the Brooklyn players, three only of whom displayed anything like the skill shown by their opponents; those three being Crane, Stout, and Chapman. Northrup, of the Eurekas, made the score of the match, getting 5 runs and one out; Crane's 3 runs and one out, including a home run, being the best score on the part of the Enterprise nine.

On July 11th, the return game between the Resolutes and Mystics was played, at Hamilton Square, the result, after a well played game, being a victory for the Mystics by a score of 19 to 16. Cowperthwait, of the Resolutes, made the score of the match, getting 5 runs and no outs; W. Kelley's score of 4 runs and one out, being the best on the Mystic side.

On the 12th of July, the Mutual and Alpine clubs had a match together, it being the first regular contest of the season, at Hoboken. The Mutuals easily won by a score of 36 to 12. Mott, of the Mutuals, making the score of the match, getting 5 runs and one out; J. Shepard scoring 3 runs and two outs on the Alpine side, their best score.

On the 17th of July, the Resolutes played with the Niagaras, the result being a decided triumph for the Resolutes by a score of 23 to 13, the Niagaras not playing as good a game as they are capable of. Creagh led the score, getting 4 runs and one out, Voris again showing the best score on the Niagara side, he making 3 runs and 2 outs.

On the 19th of July, the Mystic club and the Free and Easys, of Brooklyn, had a match together, the result being a victory for the Yorkville players, by a score of 28 to 10. In this match the Free and Easys introduced a player into their nine under the name of Brown, whose right name was Start, of the Enterprise club. After such a discreditable act, they well deserved their defeat. T. Kelley, of the Mystics, made the best score of the match, getting 4 runs and 2 outs, including a home run; Start's score of 3 runs and one out being the best on the other side.

On the 22d of July, the return game between the Mutual and Alpine clubs took place at Hoboken, the result being another victory for the Mutuals by a score of 37 to 15. Harris, of the Mutuals, led the score, by making 6 runs and one out; Westervelt, of the Alpines, getting a clean score and 4 runs.

On July 23d, between three and four thousand people were assembled to witness a match of a single game between the Eagle and Eckford clubs. Twice before had these clubs played together, the Eagles being the victors on each occasion, and strange to relate, though they were minus the services of several of their regular first nine players, they obtained a most creditable victory in this last contest, they winning by a score of 32 to 23. The feature of the contest was the unusual number of home runs that were made on both sides, the Eckfords scoring no less than 11, of which Josh Snyder alone made 4, and the Eagles getting 5, of which Yates made 2. Yates led the score, getting 6 runs and one out; Josh Snyder's score of 5 runs and one out being the best on the Eckford side. This was the first match the Eckfords lost—except those with the Atlantics—since 1858.

On the 31 of August, the Mystics obtained a signal victory over the Oratons of Newark, the score being 25 to 6. T. Kelley, H. Kelley, and W. Glover each scored 4 runs and one out, on the Mystic side; T. Carman and Fartoute getting 2 runs and 2 outs each on the Oraton side.

On the 4th of Aug., the Resolute and Oriental junior clubs had a match together at Greenpoint, the resolutes being the victors by a score of 26 to 22. M. Rogers made the score of the match, getting 5 runs and 2 outs; Russell, of the Orientals, making 3 runs and 1 out.

On the 5th of Aug., the Atlantics visited Newark to play their first match with the club of that interesting village, on which occasion a large assembly of spectators were called together in the expectation of seeing some first class ball play at the hands of the champion club; but they were sadly disappointed, as the Atlantics never played a poorer game, considering the nine they had. They were, however, the victors, winning the game by a score of 21 to 11. Pearce made the score of the match, getting 4 runs and 1 out. Dusenberry, by a score of 3 runs and 2 outs, making the best score on the Newark side.

On the 7th of Aug., the Mutuals and Gothams played together for the first time this season, the result being a victory for the Mutuals by a score of 25 to 22. On this occasion, E. Brown, formerly of the Putnam and Eckford club, made his *debut* as a member of the Mutuals, and as he is a very strong player, he is quite an accession to the club, which has ranked second to none this season. Turner, of the Gothams, led the score, getting 4 runs and 1 out, including a home run; A. B. Taylor doing the best on the Mutual side, by his score of 4 runs and 2 outs.

On the 14th of Aug., the Henry Eckford and Empire clubs had a match together at Hoboken, the result being a decided victory for the Empires, who scored 28 to 11 on the part of their opponents. Russell made the score of the match by getting 4 runs and 1 out; Wheeler's score of 3 runs and 1 out being the best on the Eckford score.

On the 15th of Aug., the Eckford club visited Harlem, and had a match with the renowned club of that village, winning the game by a score of 26 to 16. Manolt's 6 runs and no outs was the score of the match; Marsh and Birdsall dividing the honors between them on the Harlem side, each getting clean scores and 4 runs.

On the 17th of Aug., the Mystics and Resolutes played their third game together, at Hoboken, the result being a victory for the latter by a score of 18 to 17. The Resolutes—it is but justice to state—scored 9 runs in the 9th innings, when it was becoming too dark for fielding operations. But for this good fortune they would have been defeated, as the Mystics had the lead from the beginning; the game standing 16 for the Mystics to 9 for their opponents at the close of the 8th innings. W. Kelley led the score, getting 3 runs and 1 out; A. Rogers' score of 3 runs and 2 outs being the best on the Resolute side.

On the 20th of Aug., the Atlantic and Exercise clubs had their first match together, the game being very well contested. The Atlantics won by a score of 32 to 17, 15 of which were obtained in 1 innings; but for this advantage, the game would have been close. Somehow or other, the Atlantics have a way of "going in for big licks" in one or other of the innings of any match they play, which generally decides the result of the contest at once. R. Seinsoth led the score, getting 6 runs and 1 out; Simonson, A. Smith, and F. Tomes each getting 3 runs and 2 outs on the Exercise side.

On the 22d of Aug., the return match between the Newark and Atlantic clubs was played at Bedford, in the presence of the most numerous assemblage that had been seen at a ball match up to this period this season; the result of the contest being another victory for the Atlantics, this time by a score of 36 to 18. F. Seinsoth made the score of the match, getting 6 runs and 2 outs, including a home run; Osborne's clean score and 5 runs being the best on the Newark side.

On the same day the Empire and Mutual clubs played together, the Mutuals winning by a score of 22 to 16; Brown led the score, getting 4 runs and 2 outs; Russell's score of 3 runs and 2 outs being the best on the Empire side.

On the 28th of Aug., the Eckfords played their first match with the Newark club, on the grounds of the latter, and obtained a victory by a score of 18 to 12. This was a well-contested game. Campbell made the score of the match, getting 5 runs and 1 out; Ford's score of 3 runs and 1 out being the best on the Newark side.

On the same day the Brooklyn and Favorite clubs had a match, in which the Brooklyn nine were the victors by a score of 52 to 19; Spencer, of the Brooklyn side, making a clean score and 8 runs; Tisdale, of the Favorites, doing the same and gaining 5 runs.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SKETCHES OF LONDON.

LONDON LIFE AND LONDON SPORTSMEN.

BY NED JAMES,
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER ONE.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS—MY FIRST DAY OUT.

On the morning of November 10, towards nine o'clock, we made our toilet, and breakfasted on dubious eggs, with the fixings served up by "Mother P.," as the bootblacks facetiously termed that worthy lady. Prefacing her anger with the remark that "they were more like wild Harabs than Christians," she plunged almost head-over-heels after her old-fashioned tormentors, just too late for an action. As for the "marster," he enjoyed the scene too much to interfere, and in a half-boozy condition rather encouraged the urchins than otherwise. A parrot-faced, elderly lady in black managed the establishment, assisted by two neices in the capacity of chambermaids. Ben P., always under the weather, seemed to take no interest whatever in the concern, although his name figured extensively on the lamps, doors, windows, and entire front of the house, as sole lessee of "The Hand-in-Hand Coffee Shop;" his only exertion was to make cats jump over his hands; when alone he would hold communion with his feline family by putting all manner of questions to them, answering the same himself. The windows contained tea-pots, cups, saucers, bread, and eggs—in fact, served both as a cupboard and for show purposes; inside were brown painted benches and tables, partitioned into stalls, and a painting of Garibaldi attired in his red shirt, and his white horse indulging in a feed—this being the only object to relieve the eye from gazing incessantly at Price and his cats. After a dozen pedlars and beggars had annoyed us while breafasting, we managed to swallow our meal, and then rush from the spot. My friend now requested the loan of a "sov," to buy boots with, and as I had thus far paid cartage, cab-fare, supper, bath, with other etceteras, I began to suspect he was trying to come the confidence game; with all his trunks, writing-desks, opera glasses, and jewelry, he hadn't a copper in money; I even had to furnish him with shirt, collar, socks, and handkerchief, to make him presentable in his elegant black broadcloth, hat, kids, and cane. However, I "pointed," and off we started for St. Crispin's shop; it was useless to expect New York style here, but he got suited by taking a pair an inch too long, coming out to a point like a mole's snout.

Thinking a good shampoo, shave, and trimming of hair would make us more comfortable, one of the most stylish places in the Borough, (a prominent street leading from London Bridge) was entered; we were ushered into the artist-room, and beckoned to a common straight backed chair, the only one in the place; I underwent the process first, resulting in being cropped like a saw, all zig-zag—this was the cutting part: without changing the covering, Figaro brought a cup and razor forth, inquiring where I wished any left on; on my specifying, with a cat lick application of brush, he turned my neck into all shapes, (until I asked him if he was about to submit me to the guillotine), and then, with the lather sticking all about, he left me to rub it off with a towel. On my requesting him to apply a little grease, he entered into a eulogy of his hair invigorators, dandruff eradicators, dyes, etc., requesting to sell either one or the whole of them; with an inward curse on him and his humbugs, I was glad to escape, (by paying nine-pence), into the street, with the Italian at my heels, minus the tortures I had put up with. Since then, other barber-ians have operated on me, but it's the same all over; in a straight waistcoat, with no place to rest one's head, they pretend to shave, leaving you to rub off the soap, and fix your own hair—for the latter privilege a separate charge is imposed. To Americans, who are accustomed to the luxury of easy, spring-cushioned chairs, a stand to put the feet on, and lying almost as if in bed, with snow-white covers, two separate shaves, the face washed with prepared rum, then powdered with flour to prevent the cold from striking—the head well rubbed with bay-rum, perfumed, greased, and arranged fit for a ball-room—matches, pins, and clothes-brushes always at hand—sofas, lounges, arm chairs, pictures, and daily papers as part of the fixtures—and all this for six cents—the customs of England in this respect are the cause of much annoyance and regret. For this reason most Englishmen shave themselves, but if a few enterprising Americans were to introduce our system here at reasonable rates, I can guarantee very great success when once the parties properly advertise with cards and hand bills.

On reaching our *cafe*, Trebbe re-shaved me and re-cut my hair, while I performed a bit of hair-shortening on him, and though mine had to be trimmed Newgate fashion to make it grow regularly, it looked better than Figaro's style. We then proceeded to look for No 7 Old Jewry, where Trebbe expected "an advance," his father doing business in London through the parties having rooms there. By inquiring of every policeman it was eventually found, and he succeeded in getting a loan; he re-imbursed me about half, just leaving enough to carry him to his home at Naples. Towards four o'clock we entered a stylish up-stairs restaurant, and stowed away about a dollar's worth apiece, including three-pence each for the waiters, which last I didn't understand—perhaps, however, they receive no salary except the money thus contributed. As my friend had to leave by half-past seven, we hastened back to the *rendezvous*, to arrange and pack up his chattels. By seven, all was in readiness, the boxes conveyed across the street to the South-Eastern Railway, Duke street, and he soon after left for Dover, from there to Paris, thence to Marseilles, and so on to Naples, four or five days' journey by land and water. On parting, for the first time I felt myself without a single friend in all London, with its three millions of inhabitants, and a sense of loneliness and regret came over me, that I was half inclined to take the next steamer back to New York. Those alone who have experienced this feeling can judge of its effect, but of all things, a stranger in a large city is the most pitiable object to be conceived. With a heavy heart I sought my pillow, and in the morning a little more life seemed to fill my veins; after breakfast I determined to buy a map, and grope my way about, not forgetting to carry the card of my lodgings in case of wandering too far away.

OBJECTS OF INTEREST AND OTHERWISE.

On Thursday, the 11th, with the aid of the police—whose uniform for summer consists of a blue dress coat, blue pants, a hat with polished black leather top, white and glit buttons for coats, red and white band buckled on the left arm, a cross or shield outside the collar, and their number attached in large figures; for winter, long overcoats, said to stand half a day's rain without wetting through, glazed cap for wet weather, and the usual hat; they are not allowed fire-arms, but a locust of an imposing appearance, which they know well how to use—I managed to reach the Strand, passing through Fleet street, where most of the London paper offices are situated, as *Punch*, *Sunday Times*, *Queen*, *Illustrated News*, *Sporting Life*, and numerous others. In going from Fleet street to the Strand it is necessary to pass through "Temple Bar," a stone arch near two hundred years old, separating the city from the shire: on the east side are statues of Queen Elizabeth and James I., on the west Charles I. and II. in Roman costume; when the Queen visits the city, she is here met by the Lord Mayor, who delivers to her the sword of state, which is returned, and the Lord Mayor precedes the Queen to her destination: as an old landmark, it is interesting rather than ornamental. The object of my search found, I purchased a map and guide for future reference, and on my way back dropped in at the office of the *Sporting Life*, No. 148 Fleet street. Outside, between the first and second stories, in large gilt block letters, their *nomme de plume* stands boldly forth, while at the entrance hardly any sign of the *Life* within is to be seen, the windows and door being painted over to make the interior more private. When anything unusual is going on, crowds of sportsmen throng the doors, and it would be impossible to attend to business were they not thus screened. On mentioning my name to the clerk, he conducted me up stairs to the editor's rooms, where sat Mr. E. J. Dorling, who, after examining my letter of introduction, bade me feel quite at home, and presenting a chair, ushered in Henry Moir Feist, Esq., the talented young editor of the S. L. He, too, received me very courteously, and we passed an hour in pleasant conversation. Although a rival paper, Mr. Feist sympathizes with Dowling, of *Bell's Life*, for the criticism he received from the Press of America. He discredited being pecuniarily interested, but admitted he was totally unfit for the office of Referee in the International Fight, from his excessive nervousness. Mr. D. was educated for a barrister, and as such was an able advocate, but as referee was an object of pity; he is put all in a tremble if a person even speaks loud, to say nothing of threats. To the best of his ability he acquitted himself, and men with more nerve would have quailed before the scenes at Farnborough; therefore, when all things are considered, if a kind word can heal any of his wounds, he must be worthy of it when an opponent in business speaks thus favorably of the man "as he is." Both Mr. Feist and E. J. Dorling entertain clever opinions of Americans and the United States, deeply sympathising with us in our troubles, and expressing a desire to pay a visit when harmony, peace, and plenty shall have been restored. The Editor gazed long and thoughtfully on a little portrait of The Chief—Tom Hyer; on handing it back to me, he added:—"If I ever *do* get to New York, I should certainly like to see 'Old Broadback,'" as he delighted to call him. The war, panics, sensations, and Heenan were talked about; the first I endeavored to set right by enumerating the career of the public "thieves" and "defaulters" at the head of the Confederacy; the second and third were also explained. While about the Champion I gave them to understand how *canards* were manufactured to order by papers in a consumptive state, irrespective of whose feelings they may affect. What ever "loud" paragraphs find their way to London, no blame is attached to Heenan, for they saw too much of him to easily forget his gentlemanly, business character. When *he* talks, down comes the dust as a clincher; he rather avoids than courts bouncing challenges, but in the hands of a clique has to pass silently by many things said publicly without his authority. The Manager gave glorious accounts of the *Life's* popularity by its immense sale, but at the same time stated a mint of money went out for telegraphing turf items, column upon column falling under this head. Their office expenses and reportoreal *corps* are also expensive; among the writers employed are Charley Westhall and Harry Reed, Pedestrians, who look after fights, foot racing, wrestling, etc. Both Henry Moir Feist, the Editor, and Edward Jonathan Dorling, Manager, young and buoyant, apparently not more than five and twenty; the former is somewhat thin, and wears a thoughtful expression, but the latter is a jolly, hearty looking young fellow. With a warm invitation to come whenever convenient (as the *Sporting Life* is known by the Americans House of Call,) and in company with Harry Reed as guide, I took my departure—after making an appointment to meet Tom Sayers on the morrow—for the London Docks. On the way we passed St. Paul's Cathedral, of which more anon, until we reached Tower Hill, and there Sir Harry left, as I could see my way, pretty clearly, although we had dropped in occasionally to wet the "inards," because it rained so hard outwardly.

On reaching the docks, heedless of the rain, crowds of idlers hung about, looking for a victim, or the chance of earning a few shillings from those who had luggage to come out; two or three accosted me as to whether I had any boxes inside on entering the gates, thereby losing no opportunity of missing their man. The party that induced my visit to the shipping was out; and drenched through, I invested a sov. in an India rubber cloak for future use, for no one thinks of leaving home without either this or an umbrella in nine months out of twelve. A novel feature for preserving the pants is a pair of leather leggings buttoned on, which, unlike top boots, can be taken on and off, independent of the shoes; some of those who wear them look awful guys, on account of their long turned-up shoes and leggings fitting so tight. Boys from fourteen go strutting about with "four-and-nine" beavers and long-tailed coats, looking almost smothered, while the men are uniform in nothing except long feet; long tails, short tails, and no tails at all, comprise the coat fashions; vests buttoned up to the throat, neckties completely bury the collar; hats all too big—of all shapes, and when in pairs, leaning on each other for mutual support. One hour spent in watching the different individuals passing in and out of the docks, gave me food for thought the remainder of that day. On the way back I had occasion to pass

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

This is the oldest and perhaps most interesting building in all London. I didn't see the interior, but stood contemplating the place for another hour, and afterwards I never passed without stopping. It is near the Thames, and was originally built by William the Conqueror, in the tenth century, succeeding monarchs adding contributions until 1843; the White Tower of the Conqueror still stands as a monument to his fame. There is a wall encircling it, and at one time there was a deep ditch all round, but that is all done away with, and a green sward took its place. The Tower is now used as a fortress and arsenal; also as a depository for the state jewels, for which a stone building was erected in 1842; the value of these jewels is estimated at three million pounds. It covers twelve acres; the inner ward is surrounded by a rampart in which are the following towers:—Bloody Tower, where the sons of Edward IV. were supposed to have been murdered; Lion Tower, Middle Tower, Bell Tower, and Beauchamp Tower, named from Thos. de Beauchamp being imprisoned there in 1397, where Henry VIII also caused Anne Boleyn to be imprisoned; the Bowyer Tower, where the Duke of Clarence was drowned; the Brick Tower, the prison of Lady Jane Grey, and the Salt Tower. In one part are arranged twenty-five equestrian figures, effigies of kings of England from the time of Edward I. to James II., all with their horses clothed in the armor of the period in which they lived. Barracks are connected with the Tower, and two soldiers guard the entrance gates; one shilling admittance is charged, for which sixpence is the fee to see the Crown Jewels alone. From the high grounds round about, an excellent view is seen of the exterior by the pedestrian.

After going through innumerable narrow, crooked streets, courts, alleys, lanes, walks, etc., I reached London Bridge, and once there, was all right. Supper finished, I sallied forth to see how things looked by gas-light, and hearing music in the distance, followed the sound until the sport was reached, an illuminated gin palace. Surrounded by tipplers of both sexes stood two men with picolo and violin, bleating out, "I Wish I was with Dickie," "The Prairie Flower," and other American airs with new titles. Beggars were continually going in and out, sometimes for gin, but also to beg if they saw any likely stranger; females of all grades, from the professional mendicant to the gorgeous Cyprian, including thousands of others who profess to be respectable, go from place to place guzzling gin, shrub, and rum, night after night—the first-named being in greatest demand. Two or three put in together, call for a quartern of gin, and out of one glass all have a swig in succession; others have their pewter pot of stout, and it is passed from mouth to mouth until drained, all sipping from the same pot; they can show no greater friendship than by asking a new-made acquaintance to taste from their trough, however repulsive such an operation may be to the party solicited. Instead of imbibing for sociability as in the States, here all seem to do it for the love of drink; and whereas it is a disgrace to drink alone in New York, in London the majority never do anything else. The spirit-sellers all keep eatables, bread and cheese, sandwiches, rolls, cakes, pork pies, etc., and this frequently took me inside in preference to hunting about, for hours, to find anything in the medium eating line; there are plenty of cook shops, but I never fancied them, and the grand places didn't suit my wallet for general practice; a cold meal can always be had in a porter house, which, if you are hungry, will, with a glass of stout, prove acceptable. The scarcity of fancy drinks is also noticeable; there is none of the mint juleps, brandy smashes, sangarees, soda cocktails, etc., so common at home, but in the place everything is "neat," except soda and gin, and that has a disgusting taste; the "spirits" in most houses are very agreeable ones, however, as shrub, peppermint, and gin: shrub can be drank almost by the gallon without the patient getting talkative; it is quite mild and palatable, and if imported might soon become fashionable; peppermint, about the same as in New York, but the gin has a mild, sweet, oily taste, entirely different from the biting stuff sold for gin in the States; the Old Tom is frequently prescribed here for invalids, and you may thus form an idea of its wholesomeness when used in moderation. The spirit vaults are entirely destitute of attractions in the way of pictures, but generally have a smoking room tolerably furnished; inside and out, all their profits seem to be invested in chandeliers, stained glass, fancy beer pumps, blazing lights, and as many big lamps outside as there is room for; all have females to tend bar, probably for the reason that most of their customers are of the same sex; but except taking in money and serving out drinks, they appear totally unconscious of the "characters" of their patrons, or their actions and language—a striking contrast to the customs of America. Rich and poor, men, women, and children patronize them, all huddled together in one room, without a resting place visible in the house. As an offset to these temptations, there are hundreds of public drinking fountains, with a thermometer on one side and a barometer on the other, many of which are fine pieces of architecture, and all bear suitable inscriptions. After visiting two or three drinking houses, and finding them similar inside and out, I once more sought the old rookery, satisfied that for one day I had done tolerably well towards seeing something of London, and being well tired, was glad to turn in for the night.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER FORTY-THREE.

ALEXANDER PLACIDE.

BORN in England; made his first appearance in Philadelphia, May 28th, 1794, as a tight rope dancer, at the Southwark Theatre.

Made his *debut* in New York, in 1801 at Corrick's Garden, as a tight rope dancer and pantomimist. Was one of the managers of the Richmond, Va., Theatre, when it burnt down. Was also manager of the Charleston, S. C., Theatre.

On a certain occasion, he was announced to leap over sixteen files of grenadiers, with their muskets perpendicularly erect, and the bayonets bristling above them. When the moment approached, he, for the first time, felt the sickening sensation of misgiving—then fear—then panic—a full conviction that he should fall and fall on the points of the bayonets glittering before him. He could not think of flinching from the trial, and his king and queen present. The honor of a tumbler forbade the thought—the drops of sweat oozed from his forehead—the prediction of his fear fulfilled itself—he dashed forward, threw himself into the air, and before he had passed the bayonets, found himself falling on their points. A cry from the audience, perhaps, saved him, by shaking the steady ranks of the grenadiers—he fell—was wounded slightly in the body, but in reputation most grievously.

Died in New York, in 1812, of yellow fever.

HENRY PLACIDE.

BORN in Charleston, S. C., September, 1799; made his *debut* at the Park Theatre, New York, in 1824. In 1838, he paid a visit to England, and made his bow in London at the Haymarket Theatre, as Sir Peter Teazle.

His *debut* in Philadelphia was at the Arch Street Theatre, June 21, 1824, as Ollapod, in the "Poor Gentleman," for the benefit of his brother, Thomas Placide.

He has a beautiful country seat on Long Island, where, in the summer months, he rests his wearied limbs, retired from the cares and toils of an actor's "city" life—our native Harry, a gem of the first water in the mimic art, an actor to the life, and great even in his imperfections. Everything he does is executed with great vigor; his fault is, that, in a laudable effort to excel, he overleaps the line, marking the distinguishment of nature from extravagance. Placide compounds in himself the materials of some of the greatest comic actors of the age—actors whom he never could have seen, and hence could not have copied.

It is quite clear Placide could never have seen the celebrated Joe Munden; yet, in some of his old men, and especially in his low comedy, he evinces much of that great actor's tact and talent. He exhibits in no less a degree the quiet quaintness of a Quick, no less celebrated on the English stage. We think his Sir Harcourt Courtly, founded upon his own study and conception of the part, would have been more perfect; it is good, but labored and modelled too much upon Farren's rich conception of Lord Ogilby. Placide's Tom Noddy is an unrivalled specimen of the art of personation. As a general actor, Placide has no equal upon our stage; and it is a question, whether, in the extraordinary variety of characters he sustains, he can find his equal on any stage, either here or in Europe. His Sir Peter Teazle is a chaste, gentlemanly performance—it is a picture of life. His soliloquies are given with proper discretion and tact—he emphasises no particular word, as if he took a more comprehensive view of the author than the text calls for. He gives the idiosyncratic features of the character that of a determination to provoke his wife to lose her temper, with a most natural tone and action. He uses no grimaces, yet he possesses power of expression to such a degree, that he makes you laugh by the very emotion humor produces in his countenance. The same can be applied to grief—it seems real because it is worked up to the weeping point naturally.

THOMAS PLACIDE.

BORN in one of the Southern cities. He made his first appearance on the stage in 1828, at the Park Theatre, New York. On the 7th of September, '32, he first appeared in Philadelphia at the Arch Street Theatre, as Lovell, in "High Life Below Stairs."

Was for several years manager of the New Orleans Varieties, but the destruction of the building in 1854, brought him northward, and he commenced an engagement at Wallack's Theatre, N. Y. September 1855.

In the line of Frenchmen, Mr. P., has but few rivals on the stage.

MRS. A. PLACIDE.

MADE her first appearance in Philadelphia, May 28, 1792, at the Southwark Theatre, as Rosetta, in the "Bird Catcher." Made her *debut* on the tight rope, at the same theatre, for her benefit, June 20th, 1792.

MISS JANE PLACIDE.

WAS born in the City of Charleston, S. C., during the year 1804. Her grandmother was the celebrated Mrs. Frighton, long remembered for her distinguished vocal performances at the Great National Theatre, Covent Garden and Drury Lane. Miss Frighton, her daughter, came to this country in 1797, and married Alex. Placide, the father of her whose talents we are now endeavoring to commemorate—he died in 1812. Had this catastrophe not occurred, we should not, perhaps, be recording the history of her whose merits have reflected honor on the land of her birth; as Mistress Placide, though herself an actress of distinguished worth, and a universal favorite, was decidedly opposed to the appearance of any of her children on the stage; and for many years after the death of her husband, supported her family, consisting of three sons and three daughters, by the unassisted labor of her histrionic exertions. Jane, who was her especial favorite, was sent in 1814 to a Catholic School in Germantown, Maryland, where she remained two years, and gained the rudiments of an education, which, together with her early associations and the natural bias of her mind, directed her to a course of reading which produced a degree of intellectual cultivation rarely excelled by any of her sex.

It must be remarked that prior to her appearance on the stage in the regular way, she, together with her brothers and sisters as children, had frequently appeared in various spectacles produced by Mr. Placide in his own theatres, and for which he taught them the accomplishment of dancing; in addition to this, the musical taste which seems to have descended to them from their grandmother, and was particularly evident in the subject of this narration, was carefully cherished.

In the higher walks of the lyrical drama, she distinguished herself in the performance of Cinderella, which is remembered with undying delight by those who beheld her in that arduous part. Her first appearance on the stage, was in Norfolk, Va., in 1820, as Violante, in the "Honeymoon," a part she performed to the last, to that of the Dutchess, and which never had a superior representation. From Norfolk she proceeded with the company to Charleston, and back to Virginia, in the theatres of which places she continued playing a variety of small parts until the fall of 1822, when an engagement for her was effected by her mother with James H. Caldwell, and under his management she appeared in October, in Petersburgh, Va. She then proceeded to Norfolk, where the manager first brought her out in tragedy, in the part of Belvidere, which character a few years after she made so peculiarly her own, in defiance of all the celebrated stars of the day. We now come to that period when her fame became established and like a fixed star remained in unwavering brilliancy during the balance of her brief career.

She made her first appearance in New Orleans on Saturday, 4th of January, 1823, in the part of Sophia, in the "Road to Ruin," Phœbe in "Rosina." For ten successive years she remained Queen of the Drama in New Orleans, and neither the novelty attendant upon occasional visitors, nor the frequency of her own appearance, in light as well as important characters, could for a moment shake the sceptre in her grasp. Indisposition, supposed to be the result of her too earnest attention to the duties of her profession, induced her to retire from the stage in 1833. In the following years she visited England in the hope of a sea voyage being beneficial to her health, where that consciousness of superiority usually attendant upon the children of genius induced her again to appear upon the stage, she performed the character of Elvira, in "Pizarro," at the Covent Garden Theatre, which was received with such applause as to induce a repetition on the succeeding evening. She was received with a crowded house with equal favor as before, when she was again compelled to retire through illness. On her return to New Orleans she performed a few nights, and made her final appearance for the benefit of John Howard Payne, as Theresa, in his play of "The Orphan of Geneva." Her person then denoted the progress of a rapid decay of her corporeal powers, while the mind, which animated them to exertion, evidently retained all its original lustre.

She expired after a painful illness, on the 16th of May, 1825, about two months after her last performance. Her corpse was followed to its final home by a large concourse of most respectable citizens, and her death regretted as a general calamity. Among the many tributes offered to her memory, is the following, extracted from one of the journals of the day. It has sufficient merit to induce us to redeem it from oblivion. The first verse is insignificant, the second excellent, the third good.

"She's gone! and like a pretty flower
That once in beauty bloomed,
Struck by the hand of Heavenly power,
She sleeps within the tomb;
And many a tear for her is shed,
And many a heart beats high;
And many an eye will mark the bed
Where youth and greatness lie.

"She's fallen, like some stately oak,
Felled by a heavy storm,
That shouts the deadly, fatal stroke,
But alters not its form;
Whose boughs beneath it broken lie,
Whose leaves are round it spread,
And say e'en majesty must die,
And slumber with the dead.

"She's dead! and may she sweetly sleep
Within the silent grave,
Where willow trees around her weep,
And dews her cold house lave;
And history, with her golden pen,
May she record her name,
Whilst memory wreathe's a diadem
Of honor and of fame."

Jane Placide was of middle height, and somewhat inclining to *embonpoint*; but the proportions of her form were otherwise admirably preserved. Her face was such that in earlier days she must have been the personification of the poet's dream, when he com-

posed the character of *Juliet:* the large, melting, black eye, the well arched eyebrow, the full, oval countenance, all are features common enough in description; it was from the soul that beamed through them, that they derived their principal charm. The rose is beautiful to the eye, but its fragrance makes it dear to the heart. A lady who knew her in Norfolk, describes her as the chief ornament of its society, her acquaintance universally courted, and mingling on terms of intimacy among its first classes. In her later years, her beauty presented a more staid, lofty, and intellectual cast, such as consorted well with the characters of *Elvira, Lady Macbeth, Queen Katherine,* and others, in which she so often commanded the breathless attention of her auditory.

In all the tragic performances of Jane Placide, while there was an utter absence of rant, there was never wanting a full and terrifying expression. Terror and compassion are the principal objects of legitimate tragedy, and these she was eminently calculated to excite. Her voice—clear, rich, and round in its tone—was rather suppressed than permitted in its full volume, in passages of powerful emotion. This may be best exemplified in her personation of Elvira—a character in which most actresses think themselves required to exert the full force of their lungs. The originality of her conception, and the spirit of her execution, were here sufficiently evident; throughout the excitable part of the performance, there was that gasping, heart-expressing energy which in real life is usually attendant upon the more violent emotions, when awakened in superior minds. In the scene with Pizarro, when he, discovering her to have been the instigator of Rolla to an attempt on his life, her delineation was overpowering, and while her tremulous and almost hollow voice denoted the intensity of her feelings, her eye alone seemed to convey the terrors of that eternity she imprecated on the heart of the unbelieving seducer.

Her Lady Macbeth was a fearfully grand performance. The demoniacal spirit of ambition with which she urges her husband on to the murder of Duncan, propping with her desperate energies his failing resolution; the awfully cool manner with which she proposed the mode of destruction, produced a blood-curdling sensation never to be forgotten. Then comes the meeting with her husband after the execution of the fatal crime. "I heard the owl scream and the cricket cry." The manner of utterance of these words cannot be expressed.

We next behold her a somnambulist, endeavoring to remove from her hands the imaginary stains of blood, as the mighty master conceived the character. It is not saying too much that so Jane Placide executed it.

In such performances is it that the sublimity of genius is rendered evident, not in the miserable attempts at new readings which in our degenerate days so frequently disgrace the stage, in the flimsy attempt of some flickering star, proud in the plentitude of his paltry pretensions. We will not swell this article by dilating on the many parts of Shakespeare's plays which Miss Placide made decidedly her own. In the tragedies of other writers she was equally distinguished, as all will bear witness who beheld her in Belvedera, Calantha, Calista, Alicia, and a host of others. As a test of her originality, we could, perhaps, present nothing more suitable than her performance of Julia, in the "Hunchback." She was the first who assumed it in New Orleans, and had not, as in many other of her parts, seen it before represented by any other. As Fanny Kemble originally sustained it, with the unqualified praise of the talented author and of the thousands who beheld her, we may, perhaps, by instituting a comparison between the two, convey to the reader an idea of the histrionic superiority of Jane Placide. When we first saw the former, the expression of lofty pride—which is her chief characteristic—occasionally subdued by the tenderness of woman's love, the correctness of her reading, the gracefulness of her motion, all concurred to impress us with a high degree of admiration. We saw her again, and again, and discovered much mechanism in her movements, and while our admiration of her art remained unabated, her hold upon our sympathies gradually decreased. The picture presented no novelty to the eye; its groupings remained unaltered; nor was it placed in any new light, that it might still continue to attract the beholder. If she exhibited perfection, we were reluctantly compelled to attribute it to long and laborious study—thus when the wires are rendered visible, the actions of the puppets cease to please. As Clifford is made to say of love:—

Love's not a flower that grows on the dull earth,
Springs by the calendar; must wait for sun,
For rain, matures by parts, must take its time
To stem, to leaf, to bud, to blow. It owns
A richer soil, and boasts a quicker seed!
You look for it, and see it not, and lo!
E'en while you look, the peerless flower is up,
Consummate in its birth!

So was it in the mind of Jane Placide. Her conceptions required not the fostering hand of study; they were not as the flower that grows on the dull earth, and matures by parts; they, indeed, owned a richer soil, and while you looked the peerless flower was up, consummate in the birth. She was well versed in all the trifling minutæ of the melo drama, and while she freely availed herself of them, in their proper place, she disdained their meritorious aid when engaged in the more dignified personations of tragedy.

Her comedy was richly imbued with that essence which constitutes the principal charm of this delightful department of the drama. It would be difficult to select any one or two parts as being superior to the rest in the long range of characters she assumed; many before considered unimportant, she elevated into respectability by the mere force of her acting. It was her ability to stamp on words, the cursory reader would consider ordinary, that impress of her genius which fixed them indelibly in the minds of her hearers.

Next week, Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson and James Fennell.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS BOOKS FOR SALE.—We have for sale the following Chess works, which we will forward *post paid* at the prices named:—CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT, 18mo pp. 216, edited by Miron J. Hazeltine, Esq., 75 cents. BRADLE'S DIME CHESS INSTRUCTOR, pp. 80, by the same, 10 cents. Miron's BLANK DIAGRAMS, $1 per 100. Address CLIPPER OFFICE, 29 Ann street, N. Y."

ANOTHER EXTRAORDINARY BLIND FOLD CHESS FEAT.—On Monday, Dec. 16, the celebrated American Chess player, Mr. Paulsen, gave another display of his remarkable powers by simultaneously playing against ten opponents, at the Divan in the Strand, London, England. As on previous occasions, Mr. Paulsen turned his back upon the boards of his antagonists, so that they were completely out of his sight, and had the different moves communicated to him orally. With nothing before him but a bare table and a glass of lemonade, he sat thus hour after hour, his marvelous memory enabling him to carry in his mind's eye the varying position of the ten games, and to dictate the positions which his own pieces were to take up. A more novel or exciting sight, than that presented under these circumstances, cannot well be imagined, and although the match began as early as two o'clock in the afternoon, it continued to excite the utmost interest at a very late hour of the night. The following gentlemen, all of them practiced and skilled players, were the antagonists of Mr. Paulsen:—Dr. Rogers, Mr. Howard, M. Maczoski, Mr. Cruikshank, M. de Vere, Mr. Percival, Mr. B Vever, Mr. Lamb, Mr. Vernon, and Mr. Roby. The American player had thus no insignificant rivals to contend against, but he nevertheless showed himself fully capable of meeting them on the unequal conditions he had selected. At first the play proceeded rapidly, but as the intricacies of the combinations became more abstruce and deep, so the progress became slower, until ten minutes after eight o'clock, when Board No 9, J. Vernon, Esq., was declared drawn, after which the fine large room became very full, and the excitement very great, and the result was as follows:—Dr. Rogers, drawn; Mr. Howard, lost; M. Maczeski, drawn; Mr. Cruikshank, drawn; Mr. V. de Vere, lost; Mr. B. Vever, won; Mr. F Lamb, drawn; Mr. Roby, lost. Therefore he won four, lost one, and five were drawn. The match concluded at two o'clock with great applause.

GAME NO. 310.

Contested in the "Brooklyn Chess Club" by our contributors Messrs. Delmar and Richardson, consulting, against F. Perrin, Esq.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, The Allies.	Defence, Mr. Perrin.	Attack, The Allies.	Defence, Mr. Perrin.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	19..R×R P+	K×K R
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	20..Q×K Kt+	K-his Kt 2
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	21..B×K Kt P	R-K R sq
4..P-Q Kt 4	B×Kt P	22..Q-K Kt 4	Q-K sq
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q R 4	23..Q B-Q 8+	Q-K Kt 3
6..P-Q 4	K P×P	24..Q-her 7+	Q-K B 2
7..Castles	K Kt-B 3	25..Q×Q+	K×Q
8..Q B-R 3	P-Q 3	26..K B×Kt+	K-home
9..P-K 5	Q P×P	27..B-K B 6	K-his B sq
10..K R-K sq	Q B-K 3	28..B-K Kt 7	R-K B 4
11..Kt×K P	Q Kt-K 2	29..B×Q Kt P	R-Q Kt sq
12..Kt×B P	K×K Kt	30..B-Q B 6+	K-his 2
13..K R×B	Q Kt-Q 4	31..B×Q P	K-Q 3
14..R-K 7+	K-Kt 3	32..K B-K 4	K R-Kt 4
15..Q-her 3+	K-his R 3	33..Q Kt-Q 2	P-Q B 4
16..Q-K B 5	P-K Kt 4	34..Kt-Q B 4+	K-his 2
17..Q B-home	R-K Kt sq	35..Q B-K 5	R-Q sq
18..Q-K R 3+	Kt-K R 4	36..K B-B 6, and Mr. P. resigns.	

Partie at the opening of the "Paulsen Schach Club," 189 Bowery, between our contributor E. W. Bryant, and Mr. Belcher.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Bryant.	Belcher.	Bryant.	Belcher.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	17..Q to her B 4	Kt to his 5
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	18..Q-K 2	K Kt-K 4
3..P-Q 4	K P×P	19..B-K Kt 3	P-Q B 3
4..Q×Q 2d P	Q Kt-B 3	20..K-his R sq	Q R-Kt sq
5..K B-Kt 5	Q B-Q 2	21..P-Q R 4	P-Q Kt 4
6..K B×Kt	Q B×B	22..B×K Kt	Q P×B
7..B-K Kt 5	P-K B 3	23..P-Q Kt 3	Kt P×P
8..B-K R 4	K Kt-R 3	24..Kt P×P	P-Q R 4
9..Q Kt-B 3	K B-K 2	25..Q R-Q sq	K B-Q 3
10..Castles K R	Castles	26..K R-B 3	P-Q B 4
11..Q-her B 4+	K-his R sq	27..Q Kt-Q 5	Q R-Kt 2(b)
12..K Kt-Q 4(a)	Q B-Q 2	28..P-Q B 4	Q-her Kt sq
13..K Kt-K 6	Q B×Kt	29..K R-his 3	Q R-Kt 7
14..Q×Q B	P-Q R 3	30..Q-K R 5	P-K R 3
15..P-K B 4	K R-K sq	31..Q-K Kt 6	Q R-Kt 8(c), and the Attack wins in 7 moves.
16..P-K B 5	K B-home		

Notes by our contributor.

(a) The first 11½ moves are the same as those in Morphy's 'blindfold' game against M. Boucher

(b) Better have played R to Q Kt 7th, at once.

(c) R to K B sq was the only move to prolong the game. If 31.. R to Kt 2d, then Kt takes P, &c: and if B home, then R takes P, and mates immediately.

This *partie* occupied *nine minutes* in playing!

ENIGMA No. 310.

From the Illustrated London News.

BY R. D. C.

at Q 6, Q Kt 5, K sq, Q 4, K 6, Q Kt 3, K B 2d

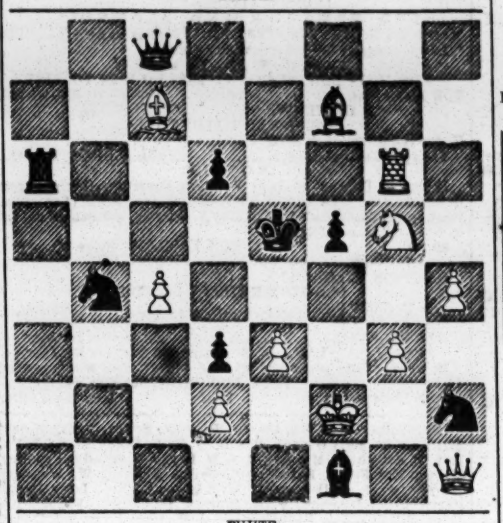
at his 5, K 7, K 4, Q 4th.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 310.

BY GEO. N. CHENEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

CHESS TOURNAMENT.—A chess tournament has been in progress at Toronto, C. W. under the auspices of the Mechanic's Institute Chess Club, for some five or six weeks. The matches have all been played, except the final ones, between Messrs. J. H. Gordon and H R Forbes, and the winner of three games out of five will have the honor of being considered the champion of the club.

DRAUGHTS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S.

☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNER'S SURE GUIDE.—A new edition of the above work (by the CLIPPER Draught Editor,) is now ready. (R. M. DeWitt, publisher, Frankfort street, New York.) The book is precisely what its title indicates, containing the elements of the game *in full;* beautifully printed on fine paper. Gilt, price 38 cents, post paid to all parts of the United States. Address FRANK QUEEN, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

☞ Send cash or stamps and the book will be forwarded at once.

DECEMBER 26, 1861.

DRAUGHT EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER:—The article in your paper copied from the *Irish Sporting News*, that "Martin is Champion Draught player of England," and the "Beginners' Sure Guide, by I. D. J. Sweet is the best and cheapest book of the kind we ever saw," is, no doubt, correct; but when it states that "Spayth is, *we believe*, Champion of America," then it puts it on rather strong, even for belief. He tries to claim it, but he has done nothing to deserve it. Why did he not come up like a man and accept Mr. Drysdale's challenge issued a few years ago in the NEW YORK CLIPPER, for $250, and re issued a year or two after, and neither one accepted. Why don't he do as Martin has done, play all comers and accept all challenges? When he does that and holds it, then he can claim the "Championship," and not before. A draught compiler don't make a champion, as a second or third rate player can do that; neither does an author like Anderson, nor puffs of newspapers, nor the loud talk of a few friends, make one, but *deeds* are what do the business. There are several good players in this country that are the equal of Mr. Spayth, and Mr. Bethel is considered by nine tenths of the players, to be the *best* player of Draughts in America

Truly Yours, EXPRESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. SPAYTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—Thanks for the games in the match between Martin and McKerrow, one of which will appear next week. You may observe the game this week to be one formerly published by you; which is here introduced for the purpose of presenting "variations in the play." Our columns are at the service of all who really desire to "throw more light" on the game; and we shall record with pleasure each "thrust and parry," so long as the encounter is conducted on generous and manly principles, thus furnishing evidence that the "greatest good of the greatest number" is the chief end sought.

EXPRESS, New York.—Whilter appears this week. Also your 'Card.'

SPECTATOR, Rochester, N. Y.—The games forwarded by you purporting to have been recently played between Mr. Henry Spayth, of Buffalo, whom you declare to be the acknowledged "champion of the United States," will receive early attention. The first shall appear next week. See the card of "Express" regarding the championship, this week.

GAME No. 30.—VOL. IX.

DEC. 28, 1851.

DRAUGHT ED. NEW YORK CLIPPER.—This game was published recently, as original, by Henry Spayth. Let all those that think Mr. S., is "Champion Draught Player of America," examine impartially.

Yours, EXPRESS.

WHILTER.

Black.		White		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	22..17	to 21	8	to 3
2..9	14	22	17	23..7	10(1)	18	15
3..7	11	25	22	24..10	19	27	24
4..11	16	26	23	25..20	27	32	7
5..5	9	17	13	26..9	14	7	2
6..3	7	29	25	27..14	18	2	6
7..1	5	22	17	28..18	23	3	7
8..8	11	31	26	29..23	27	7	10
9..16	20	19	16	30..27	31	28(a)	24
10..12	19	23	16	31..29	25	24	20
11..14	18	26	23	32..25	22	20	16
12..18	22	25	18	33..22	18	16	11
13..15	22	23	18	34..31	27	11	7
14..22	25	17	14	35..18	23	7	2
15..10	17	21	14	36..27	32	2	7
16..25	29	24	19	37..32	27	7	11
17..6	10	13	6	38..23	26	30	23
18..2	9	15	12	39..27	18	10	15
19..10	17	12	8	40..18	23	11	16
20..11	16	19	12	41..21	25	Drawn.	
21..4	11	12	8			(1)	

(1)

23..29	25	3	10	33..14	9	7	2
24..25	22	10	6	34..9	14	2	7
25..22	15	6	13	35..14	9	7	11
26..15	10	13	17	36..9	14	11	16
27..5	9	17	22	37..14	9	16	20
28..9	13	27	23	38..9	14	32	27
29..11	15	28	24	39..31	24	20	27
30..20	27	23	18	40..14	9	30	26
31..27	31(b)	18	11	41..9	14	27	23
32..10	14	11	7	42..14	9	23	18

White wins.

The above is the *Champion's* play. Now see what Mr. Mercer says:—

(a)

30..		30	26	38..25	29	6	1
31..31	22	6	9	39..29	25	1	6
32..5	14	10	26	40..25	29	6	10
33..29	25	23	24	41..19	25	19	14
34..25	29	24	19	42..25	29	14	18
35..29	25	19	15	43..29	25	26	30
36..25	29	15	10	44..25	29	18	22
37..29	25	10	6		White wins.		

(b)

31..13	17	22(c)	13	33..22	26	23	18
32..16	22	32	23	34..26	31	Black draws.	

(c)

13 to 11 or 32 to 23 and Black wins.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 37—VOL. IX.

BY JOHN DRUMMOND.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..12	16	20	11	5..19	24	28	19
2..4	8	11	4	6..27	31	18	27
3..3	8	4	11	7..31	29, and wins.		
4..18	23	11	18	[Very fine. ED. D. D.]			

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 57th POSITION.

Black.		White.	
1..22	18	14	17
2..18	11	10	14
3..1	10	White wins.	

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
13..15	24	28	19
14..14	18		

BETWEEN MARY B. M. AND W. S. K.

Black.—Mary.		White.—W. S. K.	
12..16	19	15	11
13..6	10	32	27
14..6	13		

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND F. M. HARWICH.

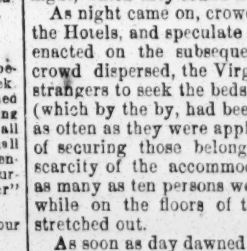
Black—G. M. B.		White—F. M. H.	
1..11	15	23	19
2..8	11		

POSITION No. 38.—VOL. IX.

BY JOHN DRUMMOND. THE 58th POSITION OF STURGES.

End Game—occurred in actual play.

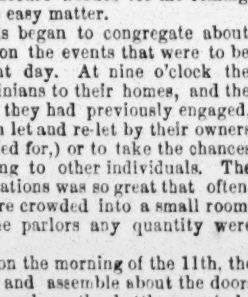
BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

CLIPPER MATCH GAMES.

SYNOPSIS OF MATCH GAMES PLAYED THROUGH THE CLIPPER.

BY NEMO.

GAME BETWEEN ULIC AND PATRICIUS.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. Ulic.		White. Patricius.		Black. Ulic.		White. Patricius.	
1..11	15	22	18	14..6	10	27	23
2..15	22	25	18	15..10	15	16	12
3..8	11	29	25	16..2	6	23	16
4..4	8	25	22	17..14	17	13	9
5..12	16	24	20	18..6	13	28	24
6..10	15	21	17	19..1	5	24	20
7..8	12	27	24	20..5	9	16	11
8..16	19	23	16	21..7	16	20	11
9..12	19	20	16	22..9	14	11	7(b)
10..11	27	32	16(a)	23..3	10	12	8
11..15	19	17	13	24..15	19	8	3
12..9	14	18	9	25..10	15, and wins.		
13..5	14	31	27				

(a) 32 to 16 loses. 18 to 11 draws.

(b) Leaves the books.

THE AMERICAN PRIZE RING.

BATTLES OF BY-GONE DAYS.

RE-PUBLISHED, BY REQUEST, IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER TWO.

PRIZE FIGHT BETWEEN

Yankee Sullivan and Bob Caunt, for $300.

This affair, which caused much excitement in the sporting world, both in this country and Great Britain, was decided on Tuesday, May 11th, 1847, in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, Virginia.

For several days previous to the fight, numbers of strange faces were noticed in the vicinity, and the curiosity of the inhabitants to know what brought them thither, was brought to the highest pitch of excitement. Caunt and his seconds had arrived there a few days previous to the contest, with a view of examining the localities and conciliating the people, as opposition to such proceedings was anticipated. They found very little opposition however, as the residents were all anxious to witness the sport, and it became the leading topic of conversation among all classes of society, who waited with anxiety to witness a man fight on the improved English system.

On the arrival of the railroad train at the depot on Monday, hundreds of the patrons of the fistic art left the cars, and were seen moving in every direction through the town, endeavoring to secure abodes for the coming night, which they found no easy matter.

As night came on, crowds began to congregate about the Hotels, and speculate on the events that were to be enacted on the subsequent day. At nine o'clock the crowd dispersed, the Virginians to their homes, and the strangers to seek the beds they had previously engaged, (which by the by, had been let and re-let by their owners as often as they were applied for,) or to take the chances of securing those belonging to other individuals. The scarcity of the accommodations was so great that often, as many as ten persons were crowded into a small room, while on the floors of the parlors any quantity were stretched out.

As soon as day dawned on the morning of the 11th, the people began to turn out and assemble about the doors of the Hotel, to ascertain where the battle was to be fought, although it was raining tremendously at the time, fearful of disappointment in not witnessing the affair. The ground had been selected the night previous, and both parties had agreed to fight at an early hour in the day. It had been understood by the principals that the commandant of the armory intended to interfere and stop the proceedings, supposing that they had chosen the ground for that purpose in Jefferson county, which would take the work-men in the foundries away from their occupations, and being then determined to prevent it, he procured a warrant for the belligerents. This was ascertained from some of the peace officials of the neighborhood, who were themselves anxious to witness a pugilistic encounter of the latest fashion. The commissaries were started on a tour of exploration into Lowden county, the next adjoining, in search of a battle field, out of the jurisdiction of Jefferson county. They soon returned, and announced that they had found a suitable place, where the civil authorities would offer no obstacles, as they were inclined to witness the latest improvements of this kind of warfare—the science not having yet reached Virginia. This intelligence was received by all parties with much satisfaction, and by eight o'clock all were on the march for the scene of action.

The ground selected for the fight was in a beautiful meadow, as level as a parlor floor, at the foot of one of the Blue Ridge mountains, the Potomac river circling round it. On the opposite side of the Potomac was the State of Maryland, which, in case of a visit from the peace-makers, might be reached in a few moments, the river being fordable at that point, and business renewed and settled before the majesty of the law could be apprised of the pugilistic proceedings of their uninvited visitors.

The stakes were pitched soon after eight o'clock, both parties being anxious to have the affair over at an early hour, so that they might be able to depart in the twelve o'clock train. A twenty-four feet ring was erected, around which there was an outer one about two hundred feet in circumference.

The assemblage placed themselves in an orderly manner around the outer ring, a few countrymen acting as ring keepers, and appearing disposed to do everything in their power to ensure fair play and good order.

There were probably six or seven hundred spectators, altogether, who came from all parts of the United States, some of whom had travelled three thousand miles to witness the fight.

Everything being in readiness, the combatants were called for, the spectators not being willing to stand in the rain longer than necessary. Sullivan was the first to make his appearance on the ground, when he threw his cap into the ring, following it, and sitting down on the knee of one of his seconds, apparently anxious to get at work. In a few minutes Caunt approached the ring, and hurled in his hat, stepped over the ropes, walked up to Sullivan, and shook hands with him; after which he took his seat on the opposite side of the ring. Sullivan's weight was 150 pounds; Caunt's 164 pounds. The former was waited upon by Tom O'Donnell and John Lyng, and Caunt by James Sanford and Mason Bennett. The betting on the ground was very limited, notwithstanding the great odds offered on Sullivan, 100 to 40 being the standard. There were a few bets that Sullivan would win it in less than an hour.

The preliminaries being settled, at three minutes after nine o'clock the men commenced stripping off their unnecessary apparel, and their respective colors were hung up, that of Sullivan being green, while that of Caunt was blue, with white spots. All being ready, Caunt asked Sullivan if they had not better begin; when both men, with their seconds, came to the scratch, shook hands, [ten minutes after nine o'clock,] went back to their respective corners, and awaited the call of time for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. At the call of time, both men walked to the scratch, and put themselves into positions of defence; but Sullivan was so eager to commence work, that he crossed the line, and walked up to Caunt, his hands well up. As he reached Caunt, the latter stepped back, at the same time hitting out with his left hand, which fell lightly on the breast of Sullivan, and then took another back step, Sullivan following. Sullivan hit with his left, which Caunt stopped very finely; but Sullivan stepped in closer to him, and succeeded in planting a sharp hit on his mouth, which started the blood in profusion. (First blood was claimed for him by his seconds.) Caunt had by this time reached the ropes near his corner and he made an effort to fight his way out: he struck out left and right at Sullivan's head. The most of his blows were stopped, and those that reached home made very little impression, the blows of the other party telling at every effort. They then fought to a close, when Sullivan succeeded in getting him on his hip, and threw him heavily, falling upon him. (This event, so much unexpected, dampened the hopes of Caunt's friends, they relying much on his wrestling capabilities.) The round was a very short one, and the work on both sides very sharp, but much in favor of Sullivan.

2. At the call of time, the men sprang quickly up from the knees of their seconds, and hastened to the scratch, which Sullivan again crossed, and made up to Caunt, from whose mouth blood was running rapidly. Caunt led off as Sullivan approached him, and fought away with his left and right hands; Sullivan rushing after him stopping his blows, and dealing out in return some of his beauty destroyers. They then drew apart for a moment, came up again for mischief, Caunt this time stopping cleverly a number of Sullivan's tremendous hits; Caunt retreated, striking Sullivan twice on the head, and taking a couple of hard ones in return. They made a turn round, Sullivan's back coming near the ropes; and as he rushed at Caunt, apparently full of venom, and determined to make the fight as short as possible, Caunt managed to get his right hand to tell on his head, staggering him for a moment to the ropes; but Caunt did not follow him in time to profit by this advantage, for Sullivan recovered himself, and was at him again, shooting in his left and right fearfully on the face of Caunt, who fought on, doing all he knew, until they closed; when in the struggle for the fall, Sullivan fell through the ropes, and Caunt hung on them. (The ropes were very loose, and gave way so easily that Sullivan might rather attribute his fall to them, than to any manœuvering of his opponent.) Sullivan had a great advantage in this round, and it was manifest that he was so much superior to Caunt as a fighter, that the chances of the latter were small, without an accident. If the odds were 100 to 40 at the commencement, they were now 100 to 10, so much advantage had Sullivan already gained.

3. As soon as time was up, Sullivan jumped from his second's knees and quickly walked to the scratch. Caunt likewise appeared in a hurry; as soon as they got within hitting distance, fighting commenced, when some very fine stopping was made by both parties. Caunt would hit and retreat, Sullivan rapidly following him and nailing him severely in the face, which was swelling very fast, and the blood flowing out of the openings very freely. They struck three times together, counter hits, in the face; Sullivan's blows were very hard, while those of Caunt, except the first one, amounted almost to nothing; the first one, however, did make a slight opening on Sullivan's forehead. A rally then ensued and Sullivan threw Caunt and fell beside him. Caunt's face was now dreadfully mangled; the left cheek puffed up to an immense size, and a hole under the right eye was visible that had been made in this round; in fact, a more severe and effective round has been seldom witnessed, and all agreed that this round was the best and sharpest that they ever saw Sullivan fight. All were surprised at his skill and activity. He made some joking remarks during the round about Caunt's appearance, but they were not much heeded by the other. It appeared to all that there was no chance for Caunt, and his friends began to despair. An accident was his only hope.

4. The word "time," had hardly passed from the lips, when Sullivan was on his feet and at the scratch, determined to make short work of it. Caunt came up, too, evidently determined to do something to try and turn the tide which was setting strongly against him. He rushed at Sullivan and was met with a flush left-handed hit on the upper lip and a hard right-hander on the side of the head; but nothing daunted, he hashed out both hands, hitting Sullivan twice, although without much damage. A sharp rally then ensued, and as they closed, Sullivan slipped his foothold and fell on the ground, Caunt, on his feet, standing over him; he then turned and walked over to his seconds. (The head of Caunt was by this time very much disfigured, and he appeared to be somewhat stupified from the tremendous hits he had received on the side of his head.) In this round he made a desperate lunge with his right hand at Sullivan's body, but Sullivan dropped his arm and stopped it. The blow cracked like a whip, and had it reached its destination it would undoubtedly have done considerable damage. Nothing had occurred thus far to revive the drooping fortune of Caunt, and it seemed more and more certain, that the sooner the fight was brought to a close, the safer it would be for the parties interested.

5. On coming to the scratch this round, Sullivan fell back, evidently to draw Caunt after him, but it would not do: he then went up and hit at him and as soon as Caunt made fight he retreated again, when finding these tactics did not take, he came up and dashed away at his opponent, who in turn gave way, Sullivan following him and punishing him severely. Caunt turned his head to spit out some blood, which Sullivan took advantage of and struck him a tremendous hit on the front of the face, and rushed at him with his left and right handers, hitting very severely. Caunt rallied and caught Sullivan on the left cheek, and another hit on the side of the head. Sullivan dashed at him, Caunt retreated with his hands very low down, and appeared for the moment to forget what his business was in the ring: his seconds shouting at him, he roused himself. Sullivan fought him to the ropes, where, in a rally and close, both of them, from the loose manner the ropes were put up, fell over on the outer side. Both men were quickly picked up and carried to their respective corners. Caunt now seemed in a state of bewilderment; his head had been so often and so severely hit that it was no wonder that he was stupid, and some of his friends who thought more of the man than they did of the money they had staked on him, wished the affair brought to a close.

6. At the call of time, Sullivan was quickly on his feet, making a rush to meet Caunt, and as soon as he got near him he went to work with both hands, Caunt giving some and taking much. Sullivan rushed in so desperately at Caunt—who kept backing out, hitting as he retreated, his blows when they did reach, doing but little injury—that he gave him no time to consider what to do; he drove him to the ropes, where they had a struggle, and Sullivan, supposing he had knocked him down, turned to go to his corner; but his attention being called to Caunt, who had staggered to the ropes and who was leaning on them apparently unconscious, he rushed back and made a terrific lunge at Caunt with his left, which Caunt dodged: Sullivan struck him with his left hand, and Caunt got hold of him, and they had a struggle and both went down. (The fighting in this round was even more severe than any of the others, and the rapidity with which Sullivan fought astonished his most sanguine friends, even those who believe that his match is not in the world of his weight. At the end of the round there was a burst of applause from all sides of the ring, the country people joining in.)

7. As Caunt rose from the knees of his second, he appeared unsteady on his feet, while, on the contrary, Sullivan seemed as fresh and vigorous as he was at the beginning—and as he came near Caunt he laughed at him, and said something about the damaged condition of his face. This seemed to arouse Caunt, who opened the fight, and at it they went, hit for hit, Sullivan driving him before him all round the ring until they reached the corner where the umpires were stationed, where Sullivan backed Caunt on the ropes; and the hitting on both sides here was very sharp, but that of Caunt was not strong enough to beat him back, and Sullivan punished him dreadfully. They then closed and had a struggle on the ropes, both of them hanging over them, doing nothing for a moment; after which they got away again, and Caunt put his leg around Sullivan's to throw him, holding him, at the same time around the neck with his left hand. Sullivan endeavored to extricate himself, and in the effort Caunt fell, and "foul" was shouted out by the second of Caunt, and one of the umpires; "fair," shouted the other umpire, and the referee was appealed to. During this confusion the word time was called by a dozen voices, and Sullivan went up to the scratch to renew the fight, and called for Caunt to come up; but Caunt's friends ordered him not to move from his place, that he had won the fight. Sullivan's attendants, after waiting about sixteen seconds, took him in their arms and passed him out of the ring, claiming the fight for him.

At this time a rush was made around the umpires; and the reporter, believing that in the melee other bumps might be added to his head than the already largely developed one of caution, made the best of his way out of the throng, and there awaited the issue. The fight being ended, he repaired to the referee and asked his decision, when he replied, "Sullivan has won the fight." That Sullivan had the best of the battle certainly none can deny. Caunt disappointed the hopes of his friends, who had expected much better skill in the art, than he displayed. Sullivan on the contrary, seemed well up to the mark, and showed his superiority over his more weighty opponent.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

TO THE PROFESSION.

After years of toil and trouble we have succeeded in building up a Theatrical and Show Department in the columns of the CLIPPER, which has no rival on this side of the Atlantic. We have made the CLIPPER a medium of communication between members of the profession in every quarter of the habitable globe. Relatives and friends who have lost sight of each other for months, and in some instances, years, have been enabled to resume their acquaintance and correspondence by means of information concerning their whereabouts, imparted through the CLIPPER. To make this channel of information reliable and trustworthy, has subjected us to much extra expense, and yet we have never, that we remember, solicited any advertising patronage from the profession; neither have we accepted, nor do we accept, pay for recording the movements and doings of our friends. What advertising we have received, has been given us voluntarily. When money is sent us for "notices," we either give the worth of it in our advertising department, or return it to the parties sending it.

We take this opportunity to say that as the profession look upon the CLIPPER as the only acknowledged theatrical and show-business organ in the country, it is but right and proper that they should contribute to its support by giving it a share of their advertising patronage. We do not refer to New York alone, but to all places where the drama, and concert, and minstrel halls flourish. A four or five line advertisement from each place would not be much to them, individually; while the aggregate would assist us materially, for there is no denying the fact that the war has made sad inroads upon the receipts of every paper in the country, and the CLIPPER is among the number that have suffered. Those who advertise with us are mentioned weekly in our city or general summary, without charge; those who do *not* advertise are also mentioned, occasionally, when there is anything of interest to communicate; but advertiser's we make it a point to keep before our readers weekly. The CLIPPER circulates all through the Union; in Europe, Australia, California, etc., etc., and performers, as well as managers, by keeping their names and business in our theatrical and show record, benefit themselves infinitely more than they do us. We throw out the suggestion to the profession, leaving the members thereof to act upon it as may suit them best.

In the meantime, advertisements or no advertisements, the CLIPPER will be run as heretofore, and information of interest to the theatrical profession is solicited from correspondents throughout the country. A "bill of the play," or a line or two, in the "hand write" of the sender, and enclosed in an envelope addressed to the NEW YORK CLIPPER, will always receive attention. Actors and actresses, minstrels, circus folks, concert and show people generally, and all others in the world of amusements, will oblige us, and consult their own interests, by keeping this department reliably posted in their "whereabouts" and "whatabouts." We make no charge, nor accept any pay, for matter inserted in this department.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS.....Proprietors.
JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer. | WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers.
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BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The company is composed of the following talented artists:—
S. C. CAMPBELL, the distinguished baritone.

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J. W. HILTON,	E. H. FLORENCE,	T. GETTINGS,
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In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c. For particulars see bills of the day. Tickets, 25 cts. 35tf

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OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL,
RACE STREET, between 2d and 3d streets, PHILADELPHIA.
ROBERT W. BUTLER, sole Lessee and Manager.
GREAT CONCENTRATION OF TALENT.
EVERY ARTIST A STAR
DON SANTIAGO GIBBONNOISE,
The Boneless Wonder, or Multiform Man.
C. GARDINER, MONS. VELARDE. SAM LONG,
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MISS JULIA MORTIMER,
HARRY ENOCHS, MIKE McKENNA, JOHNNY WILDS.
MISS NELLY TAYLOR.
MLLE CLARA, MISS JULIA CHRISTINE,
MISS KATE FRANCIS, MISS EMMA GARDINER,
MISS ELLEN COLENE, MISS ALICE CONWAY.
The extensive Corps de Ballet of
TWENTY YOUNG LADIES,
Under the direction of MONS. PAUL BRILLANT.
Admission—Parquette, 20 cents: Gallery, 10 cents.
WM. BUTLER, Acting Manager.
GEO. R. EDESON, Stage Manager.
35 MR. T. SIMPSON, Leader of Orchestra.

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SHOW BILL PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD!
CLARRY & REILLEY,
(Successor to John E. Bacon.)
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York,
Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For travelling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
☞ A deposit required on all work ordered.
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BOWERY THEATRE.
S. P. STICKNEY.....Lessee and Manager.
STICKNEY'S GREAT NATIONAL CIRCUS,
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ALL THE EQUESTRIAN TALENT IN THE COUNTRY
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PERFORMANCES EVERY EVENING IN THE WEEK,
ALSO
ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.
Consisting of
HORSEMANSHIP,
STARTLING AERIAL FEATS,
ELEGANT GYMNASTICS, POSES, AND TABLEAUX,
By the first Riders and Artists in the Profession.
The Great Pantomime of
BARON MUNCHAUSEN,
With new Scenery, Tricks, etc., is given nightly.
Doors open at 6½. performances commence at 7½ o'clock.
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Each member standing at the head of his profession, and without a rival in his peculiar line.
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THE MOST MAGNIFICENT MINSTREL TEMPLE IN THE WORLD.
The Scenery, Traps, Properties, Gas Fixtures, Heating Apparatus, and Ventilation, will vie successfully with any theatre in this country, and is crowded nightly by the elite and fashion.
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without a doubt the greatest array of stars ever before congregated in any similar troupe.
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483 & 485 BROADWAY. 483 & 485
One door below Broome Street.
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UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTIONS!
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First week of the Comic and Fairy Pantomime, abounding in beautiful scenery, gorgeous dresses and paraphrenalia, splendid Designs and Groupings, Magic Tricks and Transformations of
FORTUNE'S FROLICS;
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HARLEQUIN AND THE GENIUS OF SPRING.
TONY PASTOR.....In his great character of Clown.
Harlequin.....JULIEN KENT.
Pantaloon.....BEN COTTON.
Columbine.....MISS ERNESTINE DeFAIBER.
Queen of the Fairies.....LIZZIE SCHULTZ.
New Scenery, painted expressly for this piece, by MR H. ROGERS.
Machinery, Tricks, and Mechanical changes.....MR. B. HARRIS.
Properties and Appointments..... C. LA FOREST and T. SHEA.
The piece produced under the immediate supervision of
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The following talented artists are engaged, and will appear every evening:—
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THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE!
Under the direction of
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Grand Matinee on Christmas afternoon, at 2½ o'clock, for Ladies and Children.
ADMISSION:
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EVERY INDIVIDUAL A STAR!
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THE DELEVANTIC BROTHERS,
PAUL BRILLANT AND BALLET TROUPE,
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GREAT ATTRACTIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
The great A. M. HERNANDEZ,
In a new Pantomime.
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And a powerful Corps de Ballet.
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Doors open at 7, performance to commence at 7½ o'clock.
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This large body of Artists,
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	J. H. HOLDEN,	T. A'BECKET, jr.,	J. GLENN,
	J. L. PALMER,	J. ARNOLD,	G. PEARCE,
	J. T. COCKS,	WAGSTAFF,	J. A. PAINE,
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S. S. SANFORD, Master SANFORD, Miss JULIA SANFORD,
Embracing a Double Company, will appear alternately at
SANFORD'S OPERA HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, and
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S. S. SANFORD,
are desirable to the Profession, and those who wish to learn
STAGE BUSINESS,
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THE ENTERTAINMENT,
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OPERA, TRAGEDY, COMEDY, FARCE, BURLESQUE,
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HOLIDAY PANTOMIMES,
MISCELLANEOUS BITS, SNATCHES, BON MOTS, ETC., ETC.
THE TWO COMPANIES,
for the traveling season of 1862, will be
CONSOLIDATED INTO
ONE MAMMOTH INSTITUTION,
due notice of which will be given in the CLIPPER of Company and Route, which the public may rely upon.
First class talent treated with, on all occasions, by addressing
S. S. SANFORD,
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NOW IN EUROPE,
Performing with that success heretofore unknown in the
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H. S. RUMSEY,	W. W. NEWCOMB,
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J. BURNGESS,	W. BLAKENEY,
RUDOLPH HALL,	D. W. REEVES,
J. H. KELLOGG,	J. A. BASQUIN,
B. MALLARD,	J. W. ADAMS,
JAMES UNSWORTH,	MASTER EUGENE,

Each member being selected for his superior excellence and individual talent. RUMSEY & NEWCOMB, Proprietors. 24-3m

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Proprietor and Manager.....MR. T. MAGUIRE.
Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.
Prices of Admission:
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar.
Parquet.....50 Cents. | Gallery.....25 Cents. 3-tf
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TORONTO, CANADA WEST.
Lessee.....JAS. FLEMING.
The above Theatre has been thoroughly renovated and decorated, making it the handsomest, warmest, and most comfortable place of amusement in Canada. The Winter Season will begin on the 2d of December. Stars—Opera and Ballet Troupes—will be liberally treated with. HENRY LINDEN, Stage Manager.
Toronto, Nov. 30, 1861. 34-tf

CLEVELAND THEATRE.
The subscriber will open the above establishment on the 25th inst. Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability wishing for a winter engagement will please address as above.
A juvenile man, an old man, a heavy man, walking gent, walking lady, and heavy woman, are particularly invited.
N. B.—Will be happy to treat with Stars.
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The undersigned will act as resident Agent for all kinds of Exhibitions that can be given in Halls or Theatres, in Lexington, Kentucky. The Theatre here will hold 1200 persons; the Melodeon Hall, 400; rents low. I will also act as Treasurer, (being a first rate judge of money,) Receiver, or Usher. Will attend to the posting and distribution of Bills, &c. Having a large acquaintance, considerable experience, and some influence, I feel satisfied that I can please all who may favor me with their business as above.
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Lexington, Ky., Dec. 9, 1861. 36-4t

THE "NONPAREIL" DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, meets every Monday evening. All communications should be addressed to 211 8th Avenue. [30 3m*] H. ROLFS, President.

THE ALHAMBRA MUSIC HALL,
NO. 620 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
(Late Jones' Hotel.)
The management having succeeded in effecting engagements with first class talent, professes to give the best concert in Philadelphia.
THE ALHAMBRIA MUSIC HALL
is the best conducted and most eligibly located of any similar place of amusement in the city, and one glance at the names of those connected is a sufficient endorsement of the fact. The following are some of the most prominent names at present engaged at this establishment:—

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W. BORDWELL,	ANNA BORDWELL,	PHEBE JONES,
GEO SHELDON,	HARRY PELL,	RHODY MAGUIRE,
GEO. DERIUS,	ALFRED STEWART, and others.	

MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON, AT 2½ O'CLOCK.
☞ Persons of acknowledged ability will always be attended to if letters are directed to the proprietor.
ADMISSION.
Parquet.....25 cts | Dress Circle.....15 cts
Seats in Private Box.....50 cts | Full Private Box.....$3
GEORGE MILLER.....Sole Lessee and Proprietor.
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IMMENSE SUCCESS OF
BOB EDWARD'S AND BROWNELL'S
MAMMOTH NOVELTY CONCERT TROUPE AND DRAMATIC CORPS.
In the company are the following artists:—
PROF. G. W. KIRBYE AND SON.
MISS JULIA EDWARDS, MISS ROSE LA FORREST,
BOB EDWARDS, WM. H. BROWNELL,
J. HAMILTON, C. MITCHELL,
THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE,
Under the direction of Mons. JULES VOLANTE.
The splendid Orchestra.....KARL SCHENK, Leader.
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Ethiopian Delineators, Lady Vocalists, Danseuses, Comic Singers, Gymnasts, and members of the Theatrical profession, (Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged ability,) desiring permanent engagements will please address,
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OLD CENTRE STREET THEATRE.
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THE NATIONAL TROUPE OF GLASS BLOWERS, with their Marine Glass Steam Engine, after a successful tour of the west, and a stay of six weeks in Chicago, (during which time their levees were attended by the elite of the Garden City,) will visit the principal places in Michigan.
The National Troupe consists of the following artists:—O. H. Graffam, Edion Kelly, Louis Tournaire, of Paris, Madam Tournaire, Charlie Smith—artists that acknowledge no superiors in their respective branches. O. H. GRAFFAM, Business Manager.
39-1t* HERR VINTON, Pianist.

MR. GEORGE J. DEAGLE, present proprietor of the CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL, at St. Louis, has just secured the ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE, for a term of years, and will open it as a first class place of amusement with one of the largest companies that was ever concentrated in any place of amusement west of New York City. Ladies and gentlemen, of known ability, can at all times make profitable engagements for the above place, by addressing
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THE CONTINENTAL,
OLD FOLKS
CONCERT COMPANY,
SING AT
Burlington, N. J.....Jan. 6th and 7th.
Mount Holley, N. J..... " 8th " 9th.
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JOHN W. WHISTON,
HUMORIST
AND
DELINEATOR OF ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.
ENGAGEMENTS MADE AFTER MARCH 1st, 1862.
TERMS—$25 00 per night, or half the receipts.
Address care of FRANK QUEEN,
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LEE MALLORY'S address is inquired for.

☞ We have letters for C. W. Couldock, Wilkes Booth, Mr. Peterson, prof. of music; Clarence Chrysler, and Miss Annie Senter.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Jan. 6, 1862.

"Then let the world wag along as it will, we'll be gay and happy still." So says the song, and its truth was never more strikingly exemplified than during the past week. No one would have supposed that the country was engaged in a civil war, and that the city of New York was furnishing the sinews of battle with such a lavish hand. Everybody seemed to have forgotten the war, and the cares of business, and determined to go in for a lively time. New Year calls lost none of their old time popularity, but young and old, rich and poor, all went in for the good old custom of exchanging the courtesies of the season. Places of amusement came in for a share of patronage on New Year's night, and did a remunerative business throughout the week.

The legitimate flourishes. The people must have a change, even if it should be a change from new to old. The sensation drama has ruled the stage for a long time, but of late it has given evidences of waning, and Mr. Wallack foresaw that the time had arrived for striking out into another track. He therefore commenced the rehearsal of a series of old comedies, etc., and last week produced several of them at his new theatre in 13th street. The change acted like magic, the house being crowded each evening. "She Stoops to Conquer" was played twice, each time to an immense audience. Some folks like the play, but we do not; there are some good points in it, but it does not possess sufficient interest to amuse the generality of play goers. The legitimate will be continued.

This week the great combination troupe of E. L. Davenport and J. W. Wallack, Jr., will commence at Niblo's Garden, their opening night being fixed for the 7th. More legitimate. The company is truly excellent, and should attract large audiences.

Laura Keene holds on to "Little Tom" and poor "Robinson Crusoe," but the people are not with her, and her business is rather shy. Laura must give us something different, or her house will go to the bad, in the absence of anything good. Sensation has been her ambition, and for a time it paid; but now her patrons desire a change, and if they cannot have it at her establishment, they will find it elsewhere.

We hear no more of "Zampillaerostation." The sad pecuniary results of the speculation at the Academy have probably deterred the parties from hazarding a "season" elsewhere. It was the first attempt of a Bowery management to cater for an Academy audience, and the introduction of worn-out Bowery pantomimes was a bad move for a beginning. Fox and his troupe may do very well to interest the patrons of an east-side theatre, but the Broadway and Irving Place people require performers that approach, at least, to the Ravels, which this troupe does not. Therefore, the Bowery pantomimes, and the Bowery pantomimists, did not create any sensation in the Academy. Wm. Hanlon's feat was the feature of the performance, but it was not sufficient to make an entertainment in itself, and owing to this, and other reasons, the whole thing was a lamentable failure.

Baron Munchausen was given all last week at the old Bowery, by Mr. Stickney's company. The pantomime went off more smoothly than on the opening night, the changes working better, and the performers being up in their parts. Afternoon performances were given on the 1st and 4th inst.

The Peak Family of Bell Ringers must be a happy family, and contented with very little. In our last we stated that their opening week was very discouraging, but the second was, if anything, still more so; yet they seem to have looked upon it in quite a different light. We visited Niblo's Saloon one fine evening during the past week, to see and to hear this happy family of bell ringers. When we entered, there were twenty-eight persons present, all told. When the performances commenced, the number was increased to forty-three, and at no time during the evening were there more than fifty persons in the auditorium. Notwithstanding this rather scanty ringing in, the Peak Family headed their advertisements on the following morning with the words "Immense Success," etc. The entertainment consisted of bell ringing, harp and piano playing, and singing. The first was good, the second mediocre, and the third very bad indeed; some of the songs by the children, it would have been better to have omitted altogether, for they were more of a burlesque than anything else. "Juvenile prodigies," to be at all interesting, should have some little idea of what they are sent on to do. The singing prodigies of the bell ringers have come out too early; they are prodigious prodigies for the family circle, but are not sufficiently developed for a public audience. We have had two parties of bell ringers here of late, one being the Alleghanians, the other the Peaks. The fate of the first should prove a warning to the second. The failure of the Peaks is even worse, with all their "immense success," than that of the Alleghanians.

Herrmann, the magician, brings his season to a premature close this evening, Jan. 6th, at Niblo's Garden. His first series of performances in this city, at the Academy of Music, created a good deal of enthusiasm and interest, but the second has been devoid of both, and the sleight of hand performer has performed to bad houses. His agent seems to have overdone and exhausted himself in working up the business of the first engagement, and was unequal to the task of successfully conducting a second campaign. The first dose of Prestidigitation seems to have been sufficient for the time; double doses of such stuff are not always palatable; so the magician takes leave of us under rather unfavorable circumstances.

After a very successful engagement of nearly two months, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams closed their performances at the Winter Garden, on the 4th inst. The beautiful show piece of the "Lakes of Killarney" improved with each performance. We presume it will be introduced to the notice of the Philadelphians during the stay of Mr. and Mrs. W. in that city, where their engagement commences at the Walnut Street Theatre this evening, Jan. 6th. They are succeeded at the Winter Garden by Mr. J. S. Clarke, comedian.

What with a watch meeting, a living whale, a living hippopotamus, and large number of living specimens of countrymen, the Museum did a good business last week. The watch meeting, on New Year's eve, was a high old affair.

At Stuyvesant Hall, where Hooley's Minstrels are holding forth, a good business is doing. Their "Barbary Allen" and "Serenading Party" seem destined to have as successful a run as anything yet produced in the minstrel business. Dave Reed's "Sally Come Up" also comes in for hearty approval. It is a very neat little act, and Dave is well up in it. Arlington's Essence is another long lived performance. He is most excellent in this truly eccentric dance, and the fact that he is nightly encored shows that the public never tire of it. A new patriotic song, composed by one of the proprietors, Mr. Griffin, is one of the latest productions of this house. It is sung by Rollin Howard, and has been well received. An evening can be passed very agreeably with this troupe.

Bryants do not find it necessary to change their programme much, for the attendance at their hall is very large, no matter what may be upon the bills.

The Solons in our state legislature having once more met, in all their "assembled wisdom," we may reasonably expect some ground and lofty tumbling on the subject of theatres and concert saloons. Possibly we may possess some Quintius Curtius (not yet discovered) of the old Roman stock, who would be willing to leap into the "yawning gulf" supposed to exist between those two classes of institutions, and let us have the benefit of a little common sense. Considering the notorious "mistakes" made by "gentlemen from the rural districts," whenever they visit our city institutions, and "take a look at the pictures," we think the less they meddle with city affairs the better it will be for themselves. We shall confess to being agreeably mistaken, in case some Patrick Henry, some Edmund Burke, some Washington Irving, should arise to stay the tide of bigotry and wholesale condemnation, as well as the petty selfishness of invidious distinctions. In the first place, we reiterate the unquestioned truism that "all special legislation is bad." The public are well aware of this fact, but a large majority of our "representative men" (in Albany) not only never heard of it, but imagine that they can command the sun to stand still, and pitch Joshua overboard at the same time, "immediately." No Ezekiel or other prophet need come forth to prophesy that any attempt to dictate where people shall go and spend the evening, what kind of amusement they shall patronize, and whether they shall shed tears with the tragic, or burst their buttons with the comic, is sure to be a failure. The CLIPPER, a member of the "fourth estate," does not presume to any such dictation. Whatever our own opinions may be, we always "record" the business done at our places of amusement as a matter of fact. We may, it is true, put in a good word, now and then, for what we believe to be beneficial. Further than that is not our place. We therefore take the liberty of doubting, with all due respect to our law givers, whether THEY can do any good by interfering between theatres and concert halls.

We often observe "a lady danseuse" advertised for. Did anybody ever meet with a gentleman "danseuse?" Any allusion to the Zoyara business?

People from "the mountings" seem to appreciate a visit to Barnum's (latest and handsomest) Fat Girl, who is advertised as "the largest mountain of human flesh ever seen, eighteen years old, and weighs six hundred and eighteen pounds!" Prodigious!

Love's blind, they say,
But O, never nay
Would he be likely to miss her.
At a distance,
Or looking askance,
All mankind will aim to kiss her!

Lovers of the piano will be glad to learn that Master Charles Barmore Pope has a farewell concert at Dodworth's Hall on the 11th January.

Miss Nina Foster has a Classical Reading at Dodworth's Hall, on the 8th Jan. Fostering talent.

Brother Beecher's Plymouth concern was graced with a concert given by Prof. Mallatratt on the 6th Jan., at which neither treason nor trash was spouted. A few such performances might save the establishment from further disgrace. Ratatat tat! Beecher courts Fortune like a presto digit at her. Where's Dr. Tumblety?

The influences of the concert halls seem bound to continue. Good artistes who formerly got but very poor pay in theatres are now able to obtain very fair remuneration from the managers of the concert halls. Ballet performances are certainly making "great strides" about these days. Mons. Paul Brillant seems much in demand, and, in fact, his genius is seen at more places than his person could possibly perform in. Ben Yates is another indispensable and ubiquitous ballet-master. In him we find the introducer to the American stage of "Punchinello," and the double faced dance of "The Army and Navy." By the way, Ben has just received (via our office) a very flattering offer from Manager Deagle to settle in St. Louis, and bring a beautiful danseuse with him. We have such a superabundance of beauty on hand that the danseuse can be soon shipped, marked in the French fashion "fragile," and "right side up with care," of course. But, as for ballet-masters, thorough artists, such as those now at our theatres and concert halls, we must retain them with good retaining fees. Another indicative sign may be seen in the fact that manager W. B. English recently opened the National Theatre, in Boston, as a concert saloon. Think of that, ye Northenders in Boston! Shade of Bill Pelby! However, "the people will it", and thus the best law is made. We have not heard what results (if any) have come from the Union Watch Meeting that took place at Barnum's Museum on New Year's Eve, at 10½ o'clock, under the auspices of the "Christian Alliance," whatever that may mean; but we understand that the subject of concerts and theatres came up, and was thumped upon in the usual way. The fact is, that a revolution is going on among our places of amusement, and the people will stand no dictation on such a subject. Our concert halls seem to have adopted the well known tavern-parlor sign:—

Now, gentlemen, sit at your ease;
You're free to call for what you please;
You're free to speak, and free to think;
And free to pay for what you drink.
Whate'er you see, whate'er you hear,
Here nothing is that you need fear.
You're free to stay an hour or so;
But—if uneasy—free to go.

Adah Isaacs Menken returned to this city on New Year's Eve, after a successful tour in the Western country. On the 13th inst., she commences an engagement in Albany, and during her stay there will appear as Mazeppa, with her trained horse "Belle Beauty."

We are very glad to observe that Lieut. Thomas S. Hamblin, of the N. Y. 24 Regt. Volunteers, is among those now returning home soon from Richmond, Va., where they have been kept as prisoners of war, but are now to be exchanged. Perhaps some of our New York managers could get up a "house warming" for the gallant lieutenant, in the shape of a good and rousing benefit, not forgetting Capt. Manson, of the 79th Regt., Capt. Conolly, of the 69th Regt., and the other good fellows from New York who were captured at Bull Run rather than run.

Artemas Ward "figgered" on the "Children in the Wood" at Clinton Hall on the 2d inst. Complimentary tickets were received at our office on the 3d inst., just one day after the "Children" were out of the wood. We must make all due allowance, however, for the "customs of the city" on New Year's day.

The Broadway Music Hall certainly does seem liable to some kind of legal interference, for a "feller" cannot get past it in the evening, especially if he has a spare quarter in his pocket. Once inside, he must be good-natured, else he "couldn't stand the press," as Tony Pastor would say (or sing) of the crowd. The crowd in front keep the crowd of attractions on the stage in a very agreeable countenance of reflection (no allusion to the looking glasses at Canterbury Hall.) Miss Kate Leslie is the latest new vocalist. Paul Brillant gives us another new divertissement, called "The Elves of the Forest," in which the *corps de ballet* shine out more deliciously tempting than ever. As for the new pantomime, "Fortune's Frolics," it seems likely to make 1862 one entire New Year's Day. Ask the little folks. Mons. La Thorne certainly deserves great credit for his admirable stage management. Of course, Billy Birch, Ben Cotton, and the other "minstrel boys" are all the time going to the wars against Dull Care. Manager Butler talks big about forthcoming novelties, and therefore the public may look for a big confirmation of his promises.

Mr. Stephen Massett, sometimes irreverently called "Jeemes Pipes of Pipesville," gives a free reading at St. Anne's church, corner of Eighteenth street and Fifth avenue, on the 8th inst., by special invitation of the rectors, Rev. Messrs. Gallaudet and Ewer. The programme is full of good things, and Stephen's fine voice is sure to do them justice, in either recitations or singing. We "record" this fraternization of "the clergy" with great pleasure. The admission is free, and Mr. Massett volunteers his services. "Come back, Stephen!"

At 444 Broadway we never get merely three-fourths of an equivalent for our money, but always the full worth of it, and a "new heart" (not hat) in the bargain. We cannot undertake to insure hats at such a crowded place. When Fattie Stewart comes out, as Herr Poniatowsky crackovienskykickilovinsky, he looks like one of Charley White's joke books rolled into one individual, embodied

by the doctors and dressed by the costumers. We miss Kate Leslie, who goes to the Broadway Music Hall, but give our (both) hands to the ballet girls with all the more "empressement." Our French feels safe on "empressement." A new ray of light is W. Ray, the prestidigitateur. No wonder Herrmann beats a retreat. Then there is Denny Gallagher, Harry Knox, M. McKenna, and Miss Laura Bonard, among the recent comers These, with the regulars already stationed at 444, make it one of the most attractive places in this tall town. People come out with a "new heart" for the next day, and leave their "shocking bad" at the mercy of music, mirth, and the usual medley of merry-making.

Although Canterbury Music Hall is said to be one of the most costly fitted up places of amusement in the world, experience shows that it is one of the cheapest places to visit, when we consider the really praiseworthy style of the performances. What with the sweetly sentimental singing of the Clifford sisters, the double-distilled breakdowns of R M Carroll and Master Tommy; the fastidiously perfect singing (of the Italian school) by Mons. Montanari and his gifted wife; the patriotic songs of J. C. Robinson and Sig. R. Abecco; the admirable dancing of M'lle Marietta Ravel, Miss Adelaide Price, and the other members of a well-chosen *corps de ballet*, and the general fun or sentiment that "sticks out all over" from the Canterbuy Minstrels, individually and collectively, to say nothing of the pantomime recently "thrown in," we need not wonder that a dissatisfied face is never seen to leave the Canterbury Hall at the close of any of its tempting performances.

Manager W. M. Fleming commences a series of dramatic performances at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on the 13th inst. We understand that a good company is being formed.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Kelley's Excelsior Troupe are now "back again" from Canada, and have been amusing the good folks of Watertown, N. Y., since Christmas Eve. J. C. Kelly has kept "onward and upward." With W. S. Forrest for stage manager, and professor Koehl as musical director, he seems to fly higher and higher. The company has H. W. Gossin, E. B Coleman, John Crouta, etc., with Miss Emma Cushman, Mrs E W. Young, Miss Carrie Lester, etc. This last lady is a new comer, having made her *debut* as Julia Spring, in "Michael Earle," and was favorably received. The Excelsiors are coming East, and by South, half South.

Miss Lucille Western received a very flattering farewell from the audience at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 28th Dec., after playing on sixty-two consecutive business nights with great success and enthusiastic appreciation.

A new company, calling themselves The Nationals, came out as candidates for public favor at Jefferson, Wis., lately. They have Madame Foulds, soprano; Miss Lottie Robinson, contralto; J. S. Anderson, tenor; and E. D. Leland, bass. Jefferson gave them a good start, and they are now "bobbing around."

"Sporting Intelligence Extraordinary" is the title of a new piece lately "hexecuted" at the Olympic, London. As was done with "B. B.," at the time of the Benicia Boy's advent in England, so this is based upon the idea of a nervous gentleman, one Christopher Croke, who is, of course, mistaken for the renowned celebrity, Deerfoot, the Indian pedestrian. Mr. Robson sustained this with his usual ability, but the fun was "no go," as the farce is a miserable production. The best part of the performance was in front, where Deerfoot, George Martin, Jackson, and Bill Price, sat in a private box, and, in answer to a "loud call" from the gallery, Deerfoot made a salaam of acknowledgement. The whole thing was a fizzle.

The Academy of Music at Milwaukee, Wis., which closed recently, re-opens on the 20th Jan., with Joe Proctor as the star. The opening bill is "The Lady of Lyons," and "Rough Diamond." Until that time the company, under Messrs Hurd & Riley, are at Jonesville, where business is said to be tolerably fair. Bella Golden, Martin Golden, Frank Roche, Miss Mary Mitchell, and all the former favorites are retained.

Edgar Knickerbocker's troupe may be expected near the Atlantic border soon. The "Young American Clown" was recently at Jefferson, Wis., and the troupe did a fair business, although show concerns have not done well lately in Wisconsin. Look out for Edgar.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels have had all sorts of a time during the holiday season in Boston. The only trouble was that their hall (opposite the Old South) was not half big enough to accommodate their laughter-loving patrons. Good humor, good music, good singing, good jokes, and good taste, are sure to be found there every night. That's so.

W. W. Pratt, the actor and author, is lecturing on "Temperance and the Defence of the Drama in its Original Purity" in Boston and its vicinity.

J. P. Sutton, the actor, has opened a Theatrical Agency in Boston.

J. Lewis, comedian, has joined J. B. Howard's travelling company at Woonsocket, R. I.

There is something sufficiently ominous to attract much managerial attention, in the fact that the Gayety Music Hall, in Albany, is much more successful now than when it was known as the Gayety Theatre. Perhaps there is something in the change of a name. Speaking of names, a new pantomimime has "popped up" there, called "Chrononhotonthologos, or the Demon of Secession." We therefore try to chronicle this feline extremity of a name in our "record." What a fund of rhymes it offers for gentlemen in want of additional verses to "Billy Barlow." Persons who may have taken "several" whisky punches will not attempt to pronounce it —oh, no. However, the performance goes off trippingly enough, and the treasurer seems to admire the chronology of it. Altogether, the minstrel performances, the selected variegations of dances and songs, with the concluding pantomime, form a "taking" bill, as we take it, and as the public seem to receive it.

From St. Louis we have the following letter, under date of Dec. 31, from "Seneca:"—FRIEND QUEEN—Since my last Miss Julia Daly has been drawing very good houses, and winning her way into the good opinion of her audiences as a finished and excellent actress. Our people are slow in running after new actors, but let them once prove favorites, and they are always sure of a good welcome. If Miss Daly visits our city again, she will find her present engagement but the forerunner of a more decided success hereafter. Last night she did Teddy O'Grady, in "False and True," for the first time. Her brogue is inimitable, but let me say I think she lacks in action, with a due share of which she would have no superior in Irish characters.....The great attraction at the St. Louis Theatre for New Year's Day, is the "Bronze Horse," which is to be done on a liberal scale it is said. Next week Booth the younger is the candidate for histrionic fame.....At the Varieties Music Hall great preparations are being made for a grand pantomime. The scenery is being painted by Tom Hoxon, saying which, and that *carte blanche* is given him, is enough to show it will be gorgeous enough in spectacular effect.....S S. Purdy lately met with a fearful fall at the Varieties, while doing a comic *perche* act, the wire by which he was suspended, broke, letting him fall some twenty-five feet upon the stage. Though severely bruised and jarred, he rose, bowed to the audience, and retired—only to re-appear as good as new, apparently. Business at the Varieties continues good, and the performances are immense for the money. Julia Hamilton, danseuse, is winning golden opinions nightly, being anxious to please, and constantly improving. *Apropos* of golden opinions; on Christmas night Purdy received a small token of admiration, from several of his friends, in a purse of sixty-two dollars and a half; pretty good for the boy, was it not? Tom Cony is preparing to do *Le Perche Perilleuse*, and some other perilous business, in which *he will not use cushions* to break his falls—if he makes any. .....The Melodeon is doing well, with no immediate changes or novelty, except that Con Murphy has left the company to join that of the theatre.....The Bowery is flourishing, and grinds out its toll of dimes nightly to Jake Esher, in the most regular manner. .....The Zoological Garden, with the addition of an infantile prodigy in the shape of a *fat baby*, is doing a good business with the moral community, who "do not visit theatres," etc. We are having superb weather, and I wish you a "Merry New Year"—this last day of 1861.

CARD.—New York, Dec. 31, 1861.—FRANK QUEEN: While perusing your valuable paper of this day, I noticed among the list of deaths in the dramatic profession, the name of J. H. Hart, who, as you state, was reported killed at the battle of Bull Run. I feel happy to state that this is not the case, but that he is now a prisoner in the hands of the Confederates. Of this I have positive proof. By inserting this in your paper you will much oblige,

Yours respectfully, C. FOLWELL.

Winchell was at Adrian, Mich., for one evening, Dec. 27.

Some naughty "burglars" attempted to appropriate to themselves some of Tom Thumb's jewelry at Chicago on the 27th ult., during his stay at Kingsbury Hall. They made a general mix of the things in his trunks, but couldn't find the precious stones, for the best of reasons, they were not there.

Frank Hufner's show which consists of birds, snakes, etc., opened at Adrian, Mich., Dec. 29, for three days.

Buckley's Troupe opened in Toledo, Ohio, Dec 27. They were to give three entertainments.

Clint Williams, contortionist, and George Mankin, light and heavy ballancer, have just finished an engagement of eight weeks at Blake & Lascelle's Varieties, Toledo, Ohio. Williams goes to Cleveland and Pittsburgh to fill engagements during the month of January, after which he will proceed to New York and Boston.

Married, in Madison Co., N. Y., on the morning of Nov. 20, by the Rev. Mr. Tomilson, Yankee Robinson to Miss Celia May, eldest daughter of Deacon Lauren Babcock, all of the above place.

"Pizarro" was performed by the scholars of the Select School at Westminster, Md., on the 26th ult., under the superintendence of M. F. Valette. The youthful artists gave so much satisfaction to their relatives and friends, that they, by request, repeated it on the following evening.

C. W. Noyes took a benefit at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 1st inst.

Signorita Cubas, the Spanish *danseuse*, is soon to appear at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., supported by Signor Ximenes and a full *corps de ballet*.

Dramatic entertainments are becoming quite popular among our soldiers. "Adelphi," our correspondent who formerly dated from Pittsburgh, is now "marching on" in the army of the Union, and gives us the following report of doings in his regiment:—"First Regt. Sickles Brigade, Camp Farnum, Md., Dec 27, 1861. FRIEND QUEEN:—A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you, and to all my old friends among the readers of the spicy little CLIPPER. I've good news for you; a Thespian Association has been formed among the members of our company. The deed was done on the evening of the 13th instant. The newly fledged society is known under the style and title of the "Friend Dramatic Association;" we have some fifteen members at present, several of whom are professionals and the remainder amateurs. M. C. Daly - an excellent utility man—is President; Harry Forbes, a passable actor and a first class scenic artist—is stage manager, and your "correspondent," secretary and treasurer. The opening performance was given on Christmas eve, in the tent occupied by Chaplain Bulkley, the reverend gentleman giving it up entirely to our use, besides showing us many lesser favors which, coming from that source, surprised us not a little. We fitted up the interior in as good style as circumstances permitted, and got up a neat and tasty, though small stage —using the Chaplain's private tent for a dressing apartment. Owing to lack of room—there not being standing room for more than fifty or sixty persons—this exhibition was presented to officers only, and the curtain rang up to a house crowded "from pit to dome" with the passanted gentry. The performance commenced with the military drama of the "Old Guard," Mr. Forbes sustaining the charactar of Haversac in a style to draw forth repeated bursts of applause from the "ossifers." The piece passed off very smoothly, the remaining characters being performed in good amateur style. Next came a recitation, entitled the "Lay of the Madman," which was given by Mr. A. R Temmie. It was a creditable performance for an amateur, though by no means a first-class specimen of elocution; Mr. Temmie should cure himself of that ranting style. This was followed by a comic song—"The County Jail"—sung by Charles Walsh. The singer is possessed of a naturally good voice, which, however, sadly needs cultivation, and is master of as rich a brogue as I ever listened to. This was his first appearance upon any stage, and he created quite a sensation, being rapturously encored. With study, he would make a fine comic singer. Then came a scene from the "Lady of the Lake," by several ambitious amateurs, which did not create much *furore*, being rather a tame performance. After this was presented the farce of the "Irish Schoolmaster," Mr Daly receiving merited applause for the style in which he impersonated the *role* of O'Toole. He certainly sustained the part admirably, and made it one of the features of the evening. The other parts were well played also. This ended the first night's performance, which gave the spectators entire satisfaction. Taken all in all, considering the inconveniences we labored under, the little preparation, etc, the opening exhibition passed off very smoothly. A meeting was held last night, and our next performance fixed for New Year's night. We expect to go into winter quarters some miles below here as soon as the weather becomes a little more settled, when we intend erecting a log shanty and having a regular theatre. More anon."

Orsini Dodge and W. Hayward have entered New England, and seem to be well received. They gave a concert in Worcester, Mass., on the 30th ult. On the 6th, they are to sing in Framingham; 7th in Holliston; 8th in Milford; and the 9th in Natick.

The National Troupe of Glass Blowers have been showing in Chicago for the past five weeks. Their glass steam engine attracted much attention. This week they are in Detroit, Mich. The company now comprises O. H. Graham, Edlon Kelly, Louis Tournaire, Charlie Smith Mons. Tournaire recently displayed his talent in the art of glass working by contributing a perfect model of a steam fire engine, with hose carriage complete, all made of glass.

Miss Carrie Lester, pupil of Mr. John Dyott, has been giving readings in various towns in this State. She has been before the public about two months only, and report says that she bids fair to become a clever actress. She was last week in Watertown, N. Y.

John A. Watson, usher at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, was united in the holy bonds, etc, on the 31st ult.

"Otis," our correspondent in Pittsburgh writes as follows:—"Pittsburgh, Jan. 2, 1862.—The past week has been one of unusual animation and excitement, even for a holiday season, the theatre having a fine house at each representation, and on Saturday night, at Maffett's benefit, a full house greeted the eccentric comedian; and on New Year's Day, at both afternoon and evening performances, many were turned away. The stock have been doing the biz in a succession of pantomimes and light comedies.....At Masonic Hall we have the panorama of the present war, running to fair houses. Trimble's Varieties and the Canterbury, have each done well, Uncle Ben, on several occasions, being obliged to shut the doors; but the Canterbury, being much larger, with two galleries, has received a benefit.....To-night at the theatre we are to have Italian Opera, by Miss Isabella Hinkley, Brignoli, and the ballance of the troupe, appearing in both concert and opera, giving the mad scene from Lucia, and the last act of Lucretia Borgia..... The Canterbury has had a stampede among the performers, losing four, whose places are to be supplied by new faces from the East."

J. H. Budworth and Rhody Maguire are among the additions to the company performing at the Alhambra Concert Hall, Philadelphia.

R. Penistan, at one time a member of the theatrical profession, but of late the proprietor of a drinking saloon, at the corner of Third and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, was one of the sufferers by a fire which occurred there on the 3rd inst. The water was so high in his basement at one time, that some hogsheads of liquor floated off the skids

"Chase's Museum of Art, or Animated World," was in Manchester, N. H., on the 2d inst., to remain one week. On the 10th, the concern will appear in Lowell, Mass. Mr. H. Webster Canterbury, the vocalist, appears at each entertainment, and sings a variety of favorite patriotic songs

The Continental Old Folks, in costumes of "one hundred years ago," are meeting with much success in their tour through New Jersey. They had excellent houses in New Brunswick, Princeton, and Trenton, many people being unable to gain admittance. They were in Bordentown on the 3d and 4th, and will sing in Burlington on the 6th and 7th; Mount Holly, 8th and 9th; Frankford, Pa., on the 10th and 11th. In the company are Mrs. Emma J. Nichols, Mr. George Shepard, Mr. J. T. Gulick, and J. H. Holloway.

We are somewhat consoled to learn that the orphan daughter of Madame Fangeras, who was recently killed by fright from a hiss while performing at the Havre Theatre, has been liberally provided for by the French government.

Whether we are to have a war or not, certain it is that certain parties in London keep calling the attention of managers to the fact that they (the advertisers) have on hand "500 pairs of combat swords at 5s. per pair, warranted," etc.

The day of funeral ceremonies in honor of Prince Albert was so willingly and popularly observed, all over Great Britain and Ireland, that no kind of public amusements took place in any part of "the three kingdoms."

The critics of Hamburgh are much shocked at recently finding circus performances in their Stadt Theatre. In this case, however, public sentiment agrees with that of the critics. Thus we may see that circumstances alter cases.

Our correspondent, "Shaker," writing from Philadelphia under date of the 3d inst., places us in possession of the following summary of the past week:—As the season draws to a close at the Academy, the houses flag not in the least. The "Gladiator" has been the programme a portion of the week, and drew immense houses. The impersonation of Spartacus is the most attractive of all the *roles* of Mr. Forrest. He was ably supported by Messrs. Collier, Carter, Wall, and others. Next week will be the last of the season. The troupe will probably take a vacation of two weeks. Strenuous efforts are being made to secure the Brooklyn Academy of Music for a brief period. Saturday afternoon will be the closing performance of the Cubas party, who perform in Baltimore next week, Thomas Allston Brown, Esq., being in that city at present perfecting arrangements. There have been many fine houses during the stay of the ballet troupe, although it is true that at each evening's entertainment dead heads loomed up wonderfully. In Spanish dances, where an exhibition of *abandon* and activity are paramount, she is the *ne plus ultra*; but in the French dances, where grace and precision must be combined with other Terpsichorean qualities, she is universally pronounced second to Yrcka Mathias. The ballet troupe, on the whole, is small, and not over and above expensive. The young ladies comprising it are quite pretty, and their movements upon the stage are marked with ease and correctness, though their allotted portion is brief and not critical. I think the season has been a success, and the Cubas portion of the company contributed a mite. There have been at least ten agents tagging after Mr. Nixon, all of whom have been well paid, but who have done about the amount of work that might have been performed by one or two persons at least. Mr. Brown, possessing a full knowledge of the various grades of show business, in connection with the printing and advertising, is the man Mr. Nixon should at once secure.....The Walnut brought out the "Dead Heart" this week, and the houses have been fair. Mrs Thayer was the recipient of a benefit on Thursday evening, and the capacity of the Walnut was well tested. If a doubt rests in the mind of any one as to the genius of Mr. Adams, let them visit the Walnut and witness his impersonation of Robert Landry, in the "Dead Heart".....Since "Love's Labor Lost" has been upon the stage at the Arch, the houses have been good. The acting is unapproachable, and the appointments and *mise en scene* excellent. The last scene is one of the most exquisite exhibitions of stage effect that the audiences of the Arch have ever been treated to. Mr. John Drew will shortly appear at this theatre. His appearance will be welcomed with rapturous and heartfelt enthusiasm. He is at present in this city, but slightly indisposed.....Great and, on one or two occasions, immensely so have been the houses at the Continental throughout the week. The success of Mr. Wheatley has been no mean one, and, considering a multiplicity of trying circumstances in connection with his outset, he is entitled to especial credit. No doubt he would have remained until spring were it not for the parsimonious movement on the part of the erratic Christy.....Sandford's Opera House has done a clever business during the holidays. Generally the performances are very attractive and entertaining, and the audiences are often interspersed with the presence of many of the *elite* of the city.....The wonders from Barnum's Museum, New York, have received a fair share of the transient patronage rife upon holidays, and favors from a great number of our ladies and children have been liberally bestowed. They will probably remain another week.....Butler still maintains his *prestige*. The Olympic is nightly crowded with the seekers after amusement, and quiet and good order generally prevail. His entertainments are of a first-class variety. Since Mr. George Smith has been the superintendent of the ballet troupe, a great difference in the terpsichorean department is perceptible. The gentlemen connected with the Ethiopian business are all *artistes*. Mr. George Edeson, as stage manager, is, next to La Thorne in New York, the best in the concert business, and as a pantomimist and eccentric actor, very clever. Mr. May is a first-class magician, ranking second to very few. He does a ripping banjo solo and song, and is, all in all, the most valuable man in the profession, essaying nothing that is absolutely inferior. My opinion of Julia Mortimer, the soul of the vocal department, is not in the least changed. Miss Nelly Taylor, vocalist, has a very large *repertoire* of pretty songs, and she is deservedly held in such high estimation by all, that she is, at every appearance welcomed by her numerous friends in a manner which evinces much sincerity. There is some talk of a ball, to take place at the Girard Hall, under the auspices of the Butlers, and if so, it will be a first-class affair, not at all similar to the pic nic which took place summer before last, wherein a certain manager charged three dollars a ticket for admission, and then knocked down several young men for presuming to talk with the ladies of the ballet.....The Alhambra Music Hall is in a most flourishing condition. It was opened under every possible inconvenience. But the performers are now first class, and the company, in part, contains some of the most attractive names in the profession. On account of the eligible location of this bijou place of amusement, it is not necessary that the company should be so large or expensive. But the manager, in competition with the rest, is resolved to put none but first class talent upon his stage, being desirous of giving nothing but a good show. Miss Bordwell, the leading lady singer, is an artiste, and those who can appreciate good singing nightly testify to her merits by their generous applause. Her style is one of ease and affability, and, although she is not capable of filling the house, every syllable she utters is possessed of more music than any lady singer in the profession. Phebe Jones, who is quite a protean performer, is a great favorite with all. Everything she attempts is done in tip top style. The Dexter Brothers are very good gymnasts. Louisa Wells—the name is sufficient to draw—is here, in conjunction with a score of other performers who rank high in the profession, but whose names time and space forbid me mentioning.....The Melodeon audiences have been larger this week than for some time antecedent. The programme outside of the ballet is ill assorted. The attempt to play dramas and farces have signally failed, and the nigger business is wretched indeed. The ballet, however, redeems all, and one dance is worth the price of admission. It requires judicious management to preserve the fine ballet troupe, as daily endeavors are being made to effect a collapse. I am assured that Miss Millie Fowler anticipates secession. Should she secede, the ballet will be like a boiler without a head, and then good bye to the Melodeon.....The Alhambra has had the effect of doing much damage to the interests of others in Chestnut street. The first week of its opening was sufficient to close the New Music Hall at Sixth and Chestnut, and on Monday evening last the New Grotto lost her grip, and is now among the things that were, the company retiring with mistrust on Saturday evening, and the proprietors with disgust on Monday. Pertaining to Chestnut street, Mr. Miller can with propriety exclaim, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*.....The free concerts are all doing a fair business, although there has been a slight falling off.....C. J. Esher is in town, and will proceed to St. Louis on Monday next, with some valuable acquisitions for his company at the Bowery.....Madame Payne, by far the best singer in the concert business, is at present in this city disengaged.

During New Year's Night, at about a quarter before four o'clock on the morning of the 2d inst., flames were discovered issuing from the theatre then standing at the corner of Seventh and Broad streets, Richmond, Va. The fire soon spread eastwardly, and some valuable dwellings in the neighborhood were more or less destroyed, according to the action of the wind, and other circumstances. The origin was by an incendiary undoubtedly, and commenced in various parts of the theatre at one and the same time. No fires had been made in the stoves during the previous night. In the last piece performed, "The Log Fort," there were some discharges of musketry, but Mr. Dalton, the stage manager, remained in the green room for about an hour and a half after the closing of the front at the end of the performances. At 3 A. M., Mr. Crone, of the night watch, found all right and quiet. When the fire broke out, a musician who rushed up an adjoining alley, to try and save some musical instruments, found one of the windows open fronting on this alley. Four o'clock found the place a complete wreck—nothing left but the walls. The beautiful scenery, originally painted by Grain (the elder), Glats, and Heilge, (formerly of Burton's, now of Barnum's Museum,) and those Italian artists who were employed when George Jones had the house, together with the usual fixtures and decorations, rich oil paintings, manuscript plays, operas, music scores etc., were all sacrificed in the devouring element. Miss Jennie Taylor, who had charge of the wardrobe, lost about $1,200 worth individually, while the whole stock wardrobe under her care—part of which belonged to Kunkel & Moxley, and part to Mrs. McGill—was probably worth from $4,000 to $5,000. Some members of the company lost quite heavily—Messrs. Ogden and Dalton several hundred dollars' worth in books and wardrobe. Mr. Loebman, leader, and others of the orchestra, lost between $300 and $400 in instruments and sheet music. The instruments destroyed were one bass viol, three violins, two French horns, and two drums. Thomas Halstead, machinist, now in service at Gloucester Point, and Frank Ellers, stage carpenter, each lost from $400 to $500, in tools, etc., etc. The actual losses of this kind, among professionals and working people, can scarcely be traced as yet; but we know that a beautiful and prosperous temple of the drama has been destroyed, and deeply do we sympathize with all the sufferers. In our issue of last week we were taking pride in the fact that, notwithstanding the present disturbed state of our political affairs, Miss Ella Wren (although strongly suspected of being a Union woman), was restored to the stage, and had become a popular favorite, by the refining influences of dramatic entertainment, which make all hearts beat in unison, and attemper the asperities of business in real life. Thus the last "Old Drury" of Richmond ended its days in doing good, and setting an example in practical life better than any fairy tale, and confirming the words of sacred inspiration that "Blessed are the peace-makers!" However, *nil desperandum*; we have been assured that preparations are to be immediately made for building a theatre in the place of that recently burned, and we sincerely believe that "Old Virginny never tires" in such gloriously good works

Rhody Maguire commenced an engagement with Mr. Miller, of the Alhambra, Philadelphia, on the 4th inst. He is a good general performer, and is well liked.

The Academy of Music, Milwaukee, Wis., closed on the 28th ult. Messrs Rily & Maginly have taken the company to Janesville for a week or two. They announce that they will re-open on Jan. 20th.

Miss Isabella Hinckley, with Sig. Brignoli, Mancusi, Susini, and Herr Mollenhaur, gave two operatic concerts at Milwaukee, Wis., on the 27th and 30th ult., to very large houses. Wedded life, it is said, tells on Miss Hinckley. She is very unsteady in her "quivers and shakes." The troupe appeared at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on the 31st ult., for one night only. Miss McVicker sang in duets with Brignoli.

Kane's Arctic Panorama (the original) is laying up in Chicago, but goes to Michigan City soon. Things have not been as they expected in Chicago.

The National Glass Blowers opened in Kingsbury Block, Chicago, Dec. 23, for the holidays.

General Tom Thumb closes in Chicago on Saturday, Jan. 4; visits Waukegan, Ill., Jan. 6; Kenosha, Wis., on the 7th; Racine, 8th; and opens in Milwaukee Thursday, January 9, for five days.

Grotto Music Hall is a new establishment in Harrisburgh, Pa., having just been opened with success by Fred Aims. The company is a powerful one.

"Aladdin" was produced at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 31st ult., in grand style, and with so much success that it is still running.

Amusements in Baltimore are thus dilated on by our correspondent "Young Rapid" under date of Jan. 3:—"At the Holliday Street Theatre the great combination company consisting of E. L. Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr., Mark Smith and Julia Bennett Barrow, under the managerial speculation of Henry Jarrett, made their *debut* in this city on Monday last, and continued through the week to fine business. I witnessed the performance of 'School for Scandal' last evening, and it was finely rendered. E. L. Davenport's Charles Surface, was very clever. Wallack's Joseph was in that gentleman's usual drawling manner, yet at the same time he made many fine points. Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrow, I saw for the first time, and I was very favorably impressed by her artistic rendition of Lady Teazle. Mr. Mark Smith, is a very fine actor of old men parts, but I did not like his idea of Sir Peter Teazle—he makes the part too young. This evening E. L. Davenport plays Hamlet for his benefit; and on Saturday evening the combination company make their last appearance in 'Julius Cæsar.' On Monday next, E. Eddy commences an engagement. The stock company engaged at this establishment is very good. Mr. O. S Fawcett, quite a young man in the profession, is engaged here. He is one of the most promising young men on the stage. His low comedy is very good—and in second old men he is very clever. As a general and what is known as a 'usual man' he is invaluable to any theatre. .....The Front Street Theatre has been thoroughly rejuvenated and opened by Mr. George Kunkle. This week he has been playing the well known artists Mr. and Mrs. Waller. Business has been only fair owing to the strong opposition at the Holliday, but previous to this, business has been good. There is a young lady connected with this establishment that deserves especial notice. I refer to Miss Effie German, formerly of Laura Keene's Theatre, but who was discharged by that lady, it is said, owing to a feeling of jealousy on the part of the lady manager. She is very pretty and a charming soubrette actress, and an immense favorite here. On Monday next, La Senorita Isabella Cubas, the celebrated Spanish danseuse, from the Royal Opera, Madrid, and lately from the Philadelphia Academy, makes her *debut* at this theatre. There is a great desire to see this artiste, and she will draw the *elite* of the city.....At the Museum, Kunkle's Nightingale Minstrels are drawing crowded audiences. Kunkle has given this house a thorough scouring, and opened it with the best troupe of minstrels ever seen here. The citizens at once patronised the place, and it is now frequented by the fashion of the city. All the instrumentalists are very good, and the ballad singing of Messrs. Kunkle and C. C. Lewis of the highest order. Nelse Seymour and Harry Lehr are the end men, and in the business they are the 'funniest fellows' I know of. They have played already about one hundred and twenty nights.....Wyman, the magician, is here at the Temple, doing a very good business.....Miss Jennie Parker is lying at the point of death in this city, with the fatal disease diptheria. She was given up this afternoon by the doctor; after which she called her friends around her and divided her wardrobe among them. Poor Jennie! she is a pretty woman and a clever actress, and I sincerely trust she may recover.....Herrmann is announced here, but he will not appear."

For the following digest of things theatrical in California, we are indebted to our correspondent Sherry Corbyn, who writes from San Francisco under date of Dec. 5, 1861. He says, "Although in my last letter to you I promised to write more regularly, and keep you better posted on matters theatrical here, I have been prevented by severe illness, having been confined to my room for the past two months, and though not entirely recovered, I am well enough to write, and will therefore send you what items are afloat.....Metropolitan Theatre.—This establishment, since my last, has fallen into the hands of Mr. R. A. Eddy (late agent for Miss Joey Gougenheim), who appears to have kept it in existence on the 'Galvanic Battery System,' that is, by a series of sudden shocks, such as the announcement that a grand combination, including Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dillon, Mr. and Mrs C. E. Thorne and others had been engaged. This shock, which it appears was not strong enough to have the desired effect on the pulse of the dear public, was abandoned after two or three nights. This was followed by the announcement that on and after a certain date, he would reduce the prices of admission to the standard of those charged at Wallack's Theatre in New York, and on the evening before the one on which the reduction should have taken place, he instructed his stage manager to inform the audience that he would withdraw that 'Special Notice,' and that the prices would remain at the California standard. Then came the announcement of another combination—Julia Dean Hayne and Chas Dillon. This was to have been a spasm of two weeks' duration, but from some undiscovered fault in the machinery it only lasted one night, and now we are being shocked nightly by Charles Dillon attempting to play light comedy as a support to Miss Joey Gougenheim. What the next galvanic change may be it is impossible to say..... At Maguire's Opera House the clever Mrs. Leighton has lately closed a long and what is termed a successful engagement. Mr. C. Wheatleigh followed her, and re-produced "The Octoroon," which, after four nights, was laid aside, and "Great Expectations" produced, Mr. Wheatleigh appearing as the convict, and Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne (who was engaged expressly for the part) as Miss Haversham. The piece cannot be called a success, but will probably run during the week.....Tucker's Academy of Music has been open for about six weeks as a first class Melodeon, with a good company, and has been doing well. Harry Courtaine closed a two weeks "star" engagement last night, and has returned to the Metropolitan. .....Gilbert's Melodeon is a perfect mint to its proprietor, it being crowded to its utmost capacity nightly. Among the company may be found Joe Murphy, Charley Backus, Geo. Coes, and that prince of middle men, Wm. Bernard, whom you of course remember as occupying that position in Christy & Hooley's Band at Niblo's Saloon about two years since. These are the male stars, who are ably supported by Mlle. Lamareux, Miss Lotta, Johnny De Angelos, and about a dozen others, under the management of W. H. Smith, who appears to know exactly what our people want, and gives it to them .....The Bella Union Melodeon appears to get its share of patronage. The programme consists of minstrelsy, farces, and a "walk around," in which J. H. O'Neil has made a great hit by his inimitable imitations of all the dancers.....The New National Melodeon is doing well, under the management of the George Chapman Family.....The Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, has been engaged for one month on trial by C. R. Thorne and W. B. Hamilton. They open on Saturday, Dec. 7th, with "Othello." Mr. Charles Dillon is their first star.....McKean Buchanan's company returned to this city, after a most successful tour of six weeks in the interior. He has now started with what he terms his one horse swindle, which is simply an entertainment by himself and daughter, without the aid of a company.....James Stark and Harry Brown have taken a small dramatic company into Nevada Territory, where they are snowed in and making a good living.....Report gives us John Wilson, Maggie Mitchell, and Adah Isaacs Menken by the coming steamer..... Angelo Calarini, while making a tight rope ascension at Hays' Park, on Thanksgiving Day, when within a few feet of the top, slipped and fell to the ground, a distance of about sixty feet, breaking his bones and otherwise injuring himself that he died in two days. He was a member of the Martinetti Troupe, and formerly of the Ravels, at Niblo's Garden.....A company of performers, consisting of Walter Bray, Sam Weim, Geo. Edmonds, W. Barker, E. H. Harvey, Geo. Evans, Mme. Biscaccianti, and Miss Carrie Howard, are in the Sandwich Islands.....Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Forbes have gone to British Columbia, under engagement to the indefatigable John S. Potter.....Mrs. Charles Pope, said to be a very clever actress, is *en route* for this State.....The Lyster Opera Troupe are said to be on their return here from Australia.....Joseph Jefferson and his agent, James S mmons, left here for Melbourne about one month since.....Harry Perry is confined to his bed by severe sickness. Little hopes is entertained of his recovery.

"F," writing from Cairo, Ill., under date of Jan. 1st, says:—"The 'Corsican Brothers,' which heretofore had such a successful run at this place, was produced again last Saturday night, to a jammed house. The piece went off finely, Mr. Seldon Irwin personating the brothers De Franchi in a very creditable manner. Mr. Chas. Fyffe, as Chateau Renaud, partly realized the character, but was too tame in the last act. The scenery of the drama might vie in effect with almost any theatre in the country, and the enterprising managers, Messrs. Williams & Wood, have drawn forth the approbation of their patrons for the elegant and judicious manner in which they have conducted this place of amusement. The theatre is now a fixed fact in Cairo, and it bids fair to become one of the best paying establishments in the West. Business is excellent, and the camp fires (which have been closed for some time on account of an expected attack on these points) will shortly be re-opened, and the only fear the managers have, is, that they will not be able to accommodate all that want admission. The company is composed of the following ladies and gentlemen:—Seldon Irwin, T. S. Holland, C. H. Tyler, C. G Fyffe, Edwin Gross, C. Seeley, Frank Graham, W. Seeley, C. Hunter, F. Clark, A. Worthington, H. Layton, W. Clifford, and J. Malone. Ladies: Miss Maria Rainforth, Mrs. Frank Graham, Kitty Fyffe, Florence Bell, Miss Lizzie Noyes, and Miss Williams.

Here is what our correspondent, Capt. Rock, says of affairs in Cleveland, Ohio:—The Webb Sisters since their opening have met with moderate success—in fact much less than their merits deserve. They have produced many of their best pieces, in all of which they have been ably sustained by those meritorious actors Messrs. Huntley and Brucianna. They continue their season for an indefinite period, and it is the hope of your correspondent that their merits may meet with proper appreciation as the season advances.....Mrs. Matt Peel's Campbell Minstrels have also been holding forth to Cleveland audiences for the past two nights. They are advertised for the 1st, 2d and 3d. Gustave Bidaux, is the main feature of the entertainment, and Gonsalvo Bishop, in "The Old Sexton," and "Pleasant Memories," never fails to meet the approbation of the audience. They are travelling East..... Oberist's Varieties are still in a flourishing condition, bidding defiance to hard times, and the stringency of the money market.

The Howard Athenæum, Boston, will shortly open on the common wealth principle.

The Adelphi, in London, has neither pantomime nor extravaganza this season. "Cosvy?" Ah! "The Octoroon" and "The Colleen Bawn" are pasquinades enough.

Manager Smith, of Drury Lane Theatre, is now gazetted, but not among the bankrupts. He stands as Edward Tyrrell Smith, Captain of the 11th Tower Hamlets Rifle Volunteer Corps.

The Marquis de Grills, husband of Madame Ristori, died recently in Florence. Ristori was performing at Wiesbaden when the news reached her.

By way of consolidating a view of the professional talent engaged upon the London pantomimes this season, we now arrange the following list in such a manner as to yield the desired information and yet to save the valuable time of professional readers, having already given the titles of the most noticeable productions, and the names of their authors:—

DRURY LANE.

Harlequins.	*Columbines.*	*Pantaloons.*	*Clowns*
Cormack,	The two Misses	G. Tanner,	Forrest,
St. Maine.	Gunniss.	Morley.	Hurline.

COVENT GARDEN.

F. Payne,	Miss Jenny Lauri.	H. Lauri.	H. Payne,
S. Lauri.			E. Lauri.

HAYMARKET.

Charles Leclercq.	Louisa Leclercq.	Herr Cole.	G. Becket.
	Miss Rosine.		

ST. JAMES'S.

Extravaganza, sustained by Messrs. Frank Mathews, Belmore, J. Robins etc., with Md'lles Herbert, Catharine Lucette, Kate Jullien, Kate Terry, Isabel Adams, Nelly Moore, and Mrs. Frank Mathews.

LYCEUM.

Extravaganza, sustained by Messrs. Charles Selby, etc., with Md'lles Cicely Nott, Lydia Thompson, etc.

OLYMPIC.

Extravaganza, sustained by Messrs. F. Robson, H. Wigan, G. Cooke, G. Murray, H. Cooper, H. Rivers, M. Milano, etc., with Mesdames Cottrell, Hughes, F. Hayden, Stephens, Evans, C. Morgan, W. S. Emden, etc.

THE STRAND.

Extravaganza, sustained by Messrs. J. Rogers, Poynter, Edge, Clarke, etc., with Mesdames Ada Swanborough, C. Saunders, F. Hughes, F. Josephs, Lavine, Lester, Turtle, Rosina Wright, etc.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Mons. Duprez	Rosa Nathalie.	R. Chapman.	Charles Lauri.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

Mons. Sylvester.	Miss Saunders.	A. Clarke.	M. Lizzoni.

NEW ROYALTY.

Travestie on "Il Trovatore," sustained by Messrs. Graham, Robins, James, W.

THE UNION FOREVER FOR ME.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY SOL. BRITTON.

I.

O God of the Brave! dost Thou hear the soft breath
That rises like incense to Thee?
The last murmur of warriors stricken by death,
Upholding the cause of the free?
Thus to Thee our Leader, the soldier's best friend—
A nation in sorrow must flee;
And each whispers purely, as to Thee they bend—
The Union Forever for Me!

II.

Though shrouded in sorrow, the glory of those
Whose blood shall flow free in her cause,
A Patriot's muscle shall conquer the woes,
A Patriot's will make the Laws;
God has given us souls, and all tyrannical pow'r—
Is weak to forge chains for the free—
I sing—though ten thousand should tremble and cow'r—
The Union Forever for Me!

III.

The Star Spangled Banner—oh hearts leal and brave—,
Scorn seethes in a Patriot's vein;
Great Washington's ashes speak up from the grave,
To curse error's tyrannous chains!
Arise in thy might—let each champion be proud
To stand on the side of the free;
When hearts are thus drooping let each sing aloud
The Union Forever for Me!

IV.

Our fathers before us passed not in their course,
Our mothers—God bless them—were true;
All hands were prepared to resist slavish force,
With fearless endeavor to do.
Then up with the banner—for God and the Right,
Ye Patriots, rise and be free;
Each hero now sing 'neath truth's starry light,
The Union Forever for Me!

THE SHARPERS FOILED;

OR,

PLOTS UNMASKED,

AND

VILLAINY DEFEATED.

EMBRACING

Fast Life Scenes in New York,

IN WHICH

The Gambler, The Harlot, The Tricky Lawyer, The Revengeful Villain, The Designing Woman,

AND OTHER INIQUITOUS CHARACTERS

ARE

TRUTHFULLY DEPICTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Harry, Harry, no, no, I relent," cried Louise, rushing forward.

"Back, Louise Winter, thy place is there," cried Susan, sternly pointing to Hudson, who wore a bright look of triumph.

"Why—really aw—what's the matter with our friend," said St. Cecil.

"Nothing," replied Mark, "he has lost a trick. He held the *hearts*, but *diamonds* were led," he added, looking sharply at the widow.

"A fortune and a wife in one day," whisperd Cashton to Harry—"to drown memory there is but one remedy."

"And that is—"

"Dissipation."

"True—henceforth wine, cards, claim me as their votaries. Come, my friends, come—we will seek places where there are hearts;" and Harry dashed madly from the house, while Louise fell fainting on the sofa.

CHAPTER V.

THE SUPPER AT FLORENCE'S.

Who has not heard of Florence's?—that subterranean resort, where partridges, and woodcock, and hare, and venison, are served up in such style, that the palate of Epicurius even would have been gratified—where such luscious, sparkling wines, such oily, rich, and pungent brandies are served, that old Bacchus would have made this his headquarters.

Florence's, where sporting men "most do congregate," and in luscious drafts of Albany cream, drink success to Ten Broeck and all fair and honest men of the turf.

Florence's—where men who tread the stage assemble, and, "over one of them stews" and draughts of brandy, boast over their conquests, and diffuse the scandal ever so prevalent in the green room.

Florence's—from whence late at night the voices of strong and hearty men can be heard trolling forth, to the music of the clink of glasses, the chorus of some favorite bacchanalian song.

Florence's—where horse races are decided upon, and wagers laid; and we could run on through columns, dilating upon this place, but we will not tire the reader's patience.

About eleven o'clock one night, about a week after the events narrated in our last chapter had transpired, a select party had gathered in one of the private supper-rooms at this well-known place. We are already acquainted with the majority of the individuals present. Seated at the head of a table covered with every species of game and delicacy the market affords, is Mr. Harry Lorromer. On his right are seated Messrs. Gus Mordaunt, Col. Cashton, and, and Mr. Maurice St. Cecil; on his left were three gentlemen, who, as yet, are strangers to us, and whom we will introduce as Messrs. Tray, Fenner, and Powers. Mr. Tracy is a tall, handsome man whom our readers will remember was reckoned by Mrs Winter as one of her daughter's admirers. Mr. Geo. Fenner we at once recognise as one of our favorite metropolitan actors, gay, handsome, and having the evident appearance of a *debauchee*. The remaining gentleman, Mr. Tom Powers, an amusing, witty individual.

We must not omit to add that the foot of the table was occupied by Mr. Mark Winter.

Such, reader, was the party assembled at the invitation of Harry Lorrromer, who had given the supper to signalise his *entree* in life.

Wonderful were the feats of trencher work executed by that party. Huge saddles of venison, scores of hares, whole coveys of partridges, and many brace of woodcock disappeared before their combined attacks; and finally, when the solids of the feast had been discussed, and the attentive waiter produced the fluids, there was a general sigh of relief.

For a short time the party was silent, but at length, when the noise created by the removal of the plates and the bringing in of the tumblers, had subsided, Col. Cashton arose, with a suspicious-looking bottle in one hand, and a tumbler in the other.

"Gentlemen," said the Colonel, "I take infinite pleasure in rising to address you. My speech shall be short, for I merely wish you to fill your glasses and join with me in drinking the health of our entertainer, Mr. Harry Lorromer."

"Hear, hear," cried Gus, thumping vigorously on the table, and the entire company drank the pledge proposed.

"Gentlemen," said Harry, rising and smiling, "in returning thanks to you for the very kind manner in which you have pledged yourselves to me, I feel that I can speak with confidence, for I can say I am among friends."

"Hear, hear," interrupted Mr. St. Cecil.

"Silence," cried Gus, in such a fierce and tremendous tone, that the entire company burst into a roar of laughter, and Harry's speech was spoiled.

"For the interruption of our friend, I fine Mr. St. Cecil a dozen of champagne, and I order Mr. Gus Mordaunt to give us a song," said Mr. Fenner, speaking for the first time.

"Good, good; make 'em pay," cried the gentlemen.

"Aw—all right, gentlemen. Waitaw, a dozen of champagne to my account," said St. Cecil.

"Toss up with you, Tom Powers, to see whether you or I sing for the company," cried Gus, to the gentleman addressed as Powers.

"No you don't; you always win when you toss up. No, sir; you're stuck, and you can't get out of it," cried Mr. Powers.

"No, no, Gus; no shirking; out with it, cried Mr. Tray.

"Very well, then, gentlemen; as you are determined to be frightened out of your seven senses by my bawling, I'll do the best I can," said Gus; and in a rich, tenor voice, he trotted forth the following, to a well-known, popular and lively air:—

"Shout, boys, shout,
Let the toast merrily pass;
Shout, boys, shout,
Fill up each crystal glass.
Drink, boys, drink,
For this is the glass that cheers;
Drink, boys, drink,
Why need we have any fears?
Huza, boys, huza,
Who so happy as we?
Huza, boys, huza,
For we'll be merry and free.
Sing, boys, sing,
Sing the chorus merrily,
Sing, boys, sing,
Shout aloud so cheerily—
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah."

As soon as the applause consequent on Gus' song had somewhat subsided, there was a clinking of glasses, and the whole company united in singing the famous and glorious old chorus of—

"Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl."

When the confusion caused by this display of vocalism had somewhat subsided, Mr. Tray called attention to the fact that Mr. Fenner had agreed to favor the assemblage with a story. Instantaneously a demand was made upon that gentleman for the fulfillment of his pledge, and he began

"The Actor's Story."

"Gentleman, the story that I am about to relate to you, although it has a tragical ending, has the merit of being true, which may tend somewhat to enhance its interest.

"Some years ago, while travelling in the provinces of England, in my professional capacity, I became attached to one of the travelling companies so numerous there. Of course, I soon became acquainted with the members of the company, and I found them, with one exception, to be a set of hard-drinking, beef-eating individuals. The exception was a young man, our leading tragedian, with whom I at once formed a close tie of friendship. Dick Grandjean, as I loved to term him, was handsome, well-formed, and had brilliant talents. His wit was genuine and sparkling, and he was the life of the little town we then were in. I noticed, however, that very often in his gayest moments there appeared to be an unpleasant feeling cross him, for his brow would cloud, and he would become silent, moody, and thoughtful. I one day mentioned this fact to him, and expressed a curiosity to know the reason.

"'My friend,' said Grandjean, with a vehemence that startled me, 'have you ever committed a crime?'

"I instantly replied, 'Never.'

"'God forgive the lie,' here interposed Gus Mordaunt, raising his hands and rolling his eyes in holy horror. A war of laughter greeted this sally, which was settled by the opening and dispensing of another supply of wine.

"Well," returned Fenner, 'on my replying to Grandjean, he seized my hand, and shouted:—

"'Pray Heaven that you never may.'

"'My friend," said I, 'you are excited; be cooler.'

"'George,' he replied, in such Hamlet-like tones, that I was fairly amazed, 'George, I have sinned, sinned against God's laws and man's; sinned against an angel, a being who trusted me, whom I swore to cherish. I loved her, George, and yet I ruined her. Bright and beautiful as she was, in my mad, insatiate passion, I would not spare her. She loved me, and she fell; and then, wretch that I am, I left her—fled from her—to die, perchance, in her shame.'

"Grandjean bowed his head upon his hands, and wept. Gentlemen, the recollection of his mental agony affects me yet. More wine, if you please," said Fenner, huskily, stretching out his arm with a glass. In silence Col. Cashton poured forth a glass of the sparkling liquid, which the actor drank, and resumed. "For a moment I was overcome, and then I strove to calm my friend. I at length succeeded, and he went on.

"'She did not die, George, no; thank Heaven, the sin of murder lies not on my soul; she did not die, but when a year afterwards I returned to the little village where I had first met her, I found that she had fled, and that as she left her father's house, she had sworn a terrible oath to seek her despoiler. I changed my name, I fled from the scene of my infamy, to which I have never dared to return. You know all now, and on your life keep it secret.'

"At this point of his narrative, Grandjean suddenly left me. For a week, nearly, I did not see him, except at night, in our professional capacity, and when I did, we interchanged no conversation on this particular point. One morning the mannager announced to us, at rehearsal, that he had secured, for one week only, a celebrated star, a Miss Mortimer. On the Monday morning following, the lady arrived. Dick and myself were standing at the prompter's box, looking carelessly over our parts, when he suddenly seized my arm, and in a voice choking with emotion, he murmured:—

"'George, George; I am lost, for it is she!' I hastily turned, and beheld the new actress, guarded by the manager, standing in the centre of the stage. The next individual grasped my friend and myself each by an arm, and taking us forward with the utmost suavity of manner, remarked—

"'Miss Mortimer, will you allow me the pleasure of presenting to you Mr. Geo. Fenner, of the United States, and Mr. Richard Grandjean.'

"The haughty star" recognized me by a slight inclination of the head, and then turned slowly to Grandjean.

"As her dark, lustrous eyes met his, I could see a whole mass of contending emotions sweep o'er her face; and her countenance relaxed into a most strange smile. Then, in her sweetest tones, she remarked, 'Gentlemen,' it depends upon you, more than myself, as to whether my brief engagement here is successful or not. I am confident that you will endeavor to make it successful." Bowing courteously to this salutation, we left her side.

"George," said Grandjean, as we reached our dressing room, "she met me, saw me, and yet did not reproach me."

"Pshaw!" laughed I, "she is a woman—they don't harbor spite."

"Fenner," said he solemnly, "that woman will have my life within a week."

"Nonsense," I said, laughingly; "why its all over with her."

"We shall see, we shall see," was his reply; and we proceeded to obey the prompter's call for rehearsal. The day waned, and night came. Somewhat fatigued, I was leaning carelessly against some of the "props," when I saw Grandjean rapidly ascend a short flight of steps and enter the dressing room of the star. I was lost in astonishment for a moment; a feeling of intense curiosity seized me, and I hastened to the landing of the steps. The first word that struck my ear were pronounced by Miss Mortimer.

"Richard Darville, I am glad that you have come, for I want to warn you that you will not go to meet your Maker unrepentant. For twelve long and weary months have I followed thee, sought for thee, and now we sit face to face. When I left my father's house a year ago, Richard Darville, I took a terrible, a bitter oath of vengeance. That oath I shall keep! Where to look for you I knew not—I knew only that you were a player—what could be better for my purpose than to become a player, also? I did so, but you had changed your name, and I could not find you. But now, Richard Darville, I have found you, and your time has come. To night is your last on earth," and Miss Mortimer pronounced these fatal words with a terrible emphasis.

"Spare me, Margaret, spare me," cried the miserable Grandjean—or Darville as his name appeared to be.

"Spare you! did you spare me, when in my innocence I confided in thy honeyed words, thy winning smiles? Did you spare my gray-haired father from shame, humiliation? Did you spare me jeers, scoffs, chidings of those I loved, when my disgrace became known? Spare you? No, not while I have life;" and Miss Mortimer became intensely vengeful in her tone.

"Margaret Ryland," said Darville, assuming his usual manly tone, "it is enough, I have sinned against you—what reparation a repentant and erring heart can make, I have offered you, you have refused. Well, then, it becomes a struggle for life—a battle between man and woman—so beware;" and before I was aware of the act Darville stood beside me on the landing.

"My friend," said Darville, seizing my hand, "you have heard all."

"I have," I replied.

"This is not the end," he continued; "I shall go mad if this continual weight of remorse is pressing on me, but one remedy remains to remove its cause."

"I fairly shrank, gentlemen," continued Fenner, "from the fierce expression of his eyes. And now before you hear the *finale* of the story, join with me, gentlemen, in a glass of wine."

The company assembled had become so deeply interested in Fenner's story, that the wine was passed and drank in silence, then the actor resumed.

"The piece chosen for that night's performance was the drama called La Tour de Nesle. Miss Mortimer was to enact the part of Margaret, while Darville was to assume the *role* of Buridan. I was cast for Walter D'Aulnay. At the end of the play, you know, Walter is discovered to be the son of Buridan and the Queen; by the latter's directions, and previous to the discovery being made, Walter is slain in the great room of "La Tour de Nesle." Buridan, out of revenge, stabs Margaret to the heart, and, in endeavoring to escape, is shot by a file of soldiers. The play went on, and though I could see a singular look of triumph and of concentrated malignity gleam in the eyes of Miss Mortimer, I had no thoughts of a serious result. At length the end of the play approached. In my part of Walter, I staggered upon the stage, fell, and died. Then the terrible scene commenced. I saw Darville raise high his glittering dagger; Margaret of Burgundy—or Miss Mortimer, rather—struggled fiercely with him, and then the dagger came down; but it did not stop at her corsage, gentlemen—no; down, down deep into her bosom went the glittering blade, and Miss Mortimer fell upon the stage a corpse. Horror-stricken, I could neither speak nor rise, but I caught a glimpse of the eyes of Darville, and they were wild and glaring. I saw him rush up the back of the stage, the soldiery fired, and he fell. Then, but not till then, could I master myself sufficiently to rise, and as the curtain was falling, I raised Miss Mortimer from off her face. A pool of blood, that had welled from her heart, was on the stage, and she was dead. Amazed, frightened, my brother actors came crowding around, and in another moment I heard the voice of our manager crying, "Good God! Grandjean is dead, too!" Hastily laying down the inanimate corpse of Miss Mortimer, I dashed to where Grandjean lay, and I saw in another moment that life had passed from him. His eyes were wide open and glaring, his veins swollen and black, and his mouth drawn down most terribly. He had died, gentlemen, I firmly believe, an insane man. My story is done." As he concluded, the actor poured out a huge bumper, and quaffed it at a draught.

"A sad story," observed Mark Winter.

"But never mind, gentlemen, we thank Mr. Fenner for his tale, but we must keep up the feast," cried Harry.

Fast and furious grew the fun. Songs were sung and stories were told; healths were drank, bets were made, and the many things usually done by gentlemen indulging, were done on this occasion. About two o'clock the next morning they all issued from the saloon, shouting in concert, "we won't go home till morning," and we may as well add—they didn't.

TO BE CONTINUED.

For the Soldiers in Camp in Winter.—Extract from a Letter of an Old Soldier to his Sons in Camp.—Whenever the cold wind blows, we are thinking of our dear boys on picket duty and in their tents, how they shiver, how they may or may not warm themselves. Please, my boys, take the following to heart, and not only to stomach. What I shall say, I state from ample experience as a skating boy, as a traveller on foot and in miserable stage-coaches or sledges, and as farrier in the army, when I had to travel night and day in an open cart, in one of the coldest winters, in the north of Europe. It is this:—

1. However pleasant the first sensation caused by spirituous liquors may be, to a thoroughly cold man, they have a tendency rather to cool, than otherwise, so soon as the first warmth is over.

2. Nothing warms the stomach and the whole system so genially as warm beer, or flip, with some ginger in it.

3. Even cold beer, when no fire was at hand, we found in its effect better than whiskey and its cognates.

Perfect warm beer, as the Germans call it, or flip, with an egg in it, warms best, and anything warms proportionately as it approaches the perfect flip, with ginger. Mind the ginger.

If, therefore, you can procure beer, (lager, ale, anything,) and have no egg, no sugar, run a hot poker or a piece of hot iron in it, on the fire, put a modicum of pounded ginger in it, stir it, and drink it as warm as you can endure it. Nothing warms so quickly, so genially and so wholesomely. It is well known by all the winter travellers in Russia, Germany, and Sweden.

Query: Could not a Soyer devise some decoction of water, ginger and sugar, when beer is wanting, as the next best substitute? Invent it, and you will be benefactors to hundreds of thousands of your fellows in arms. The subject is fully as serious as that of shoes and flannels for an army. Cold promotes typhus in the camps as much as great heat does, and ginger flip is a preventive of this fiend of men in camp. The great difficulty with spirituous liquors is, that instead of producing a genial glow, they merely stimulate—they do not nourish; consequently, when the stimulant effect is passed, a re-action takes place, which produces a greater feeling of cold, requiring fresh stimulants, and so on to a ruinous end.

In His Line.—"Dye s'pose you can do the landlord in the 'Lady of Lyons?'" said a manager to a seedy actor in quest of an engagement. "I should think that quite in my line of business," said he, "for I've been doing nothing else but landlords this pretty while."

Shinplasters and Beer Tickets Down South.—Money is "skurce" down in Dixie. The *New Orleans Delta* jokes pleasantly enough of the hard times, and seems disposed to put the best face on bad matters. In a late number it says:—The old table of school days—"ten mills make one cent, ten cents one dime, ten dimes one dollar"—is played out. A dime or a dollar, in hard spelter, is a sight good for diseased optics, and a five minutes' survey of ten dollars in specie would cure the most hopeless case of Asiatic cholera. But we have a new table of currency, and it is published here free of charge, for the benefit of those who choose to cut it out and post it up for reference:—

10 omnibus tickets make half a dollar.

5 Schelk's beer tickets make a drunk—if invested in lager.

10 Krost's beer tickets make one city shinplaster.

1 handful of shinplasters (with the pictures worn off) make a man cuss.

10 half dollars make a fool of a poor man.

40 beer tickets, 10 omnibus tickets, one handful of shinplasters, and nary half dollar, make an honest man steal. If they don't, we should like to know what will.

Painful but Laughable.—In Notes of an Army Surgeon, we find the following:—"I remember one day, in making my hospital rounds, a patient, just arrived, presented me an amputated forearm, and in doing so, could scarcely refrain from a broad laugh; the titter was constantly on his face. 'What is the matter?—this does not strike me as a subject of laughter.' 'It is not, doctor; but, excuse me, I lost my arm in so funny a way, that I still laugh whenever I look at it. Our first sergeant wanted shaving, and got me to attend to it, as I am a corporal. We went together in front of his tent; I had lathered him, took him by the nose, and was just applying the razor, when a cannon ball came, and that was the last I saw of his head and my arm. Excuse me, doctor, for laughing so, but I never saw such a thing before.'"

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HELEN OF TROY.—CANTO VII.

Like Ilium's world famed beauty, Helen's form
Was faultless in its perfect symmetry;
Her chiseled limbs and face possessed that charm
So classical, of outline fair and full—
That e'en the great Canova could but warm
Into excitement with their majesty,
And be compelled desparingly to own
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